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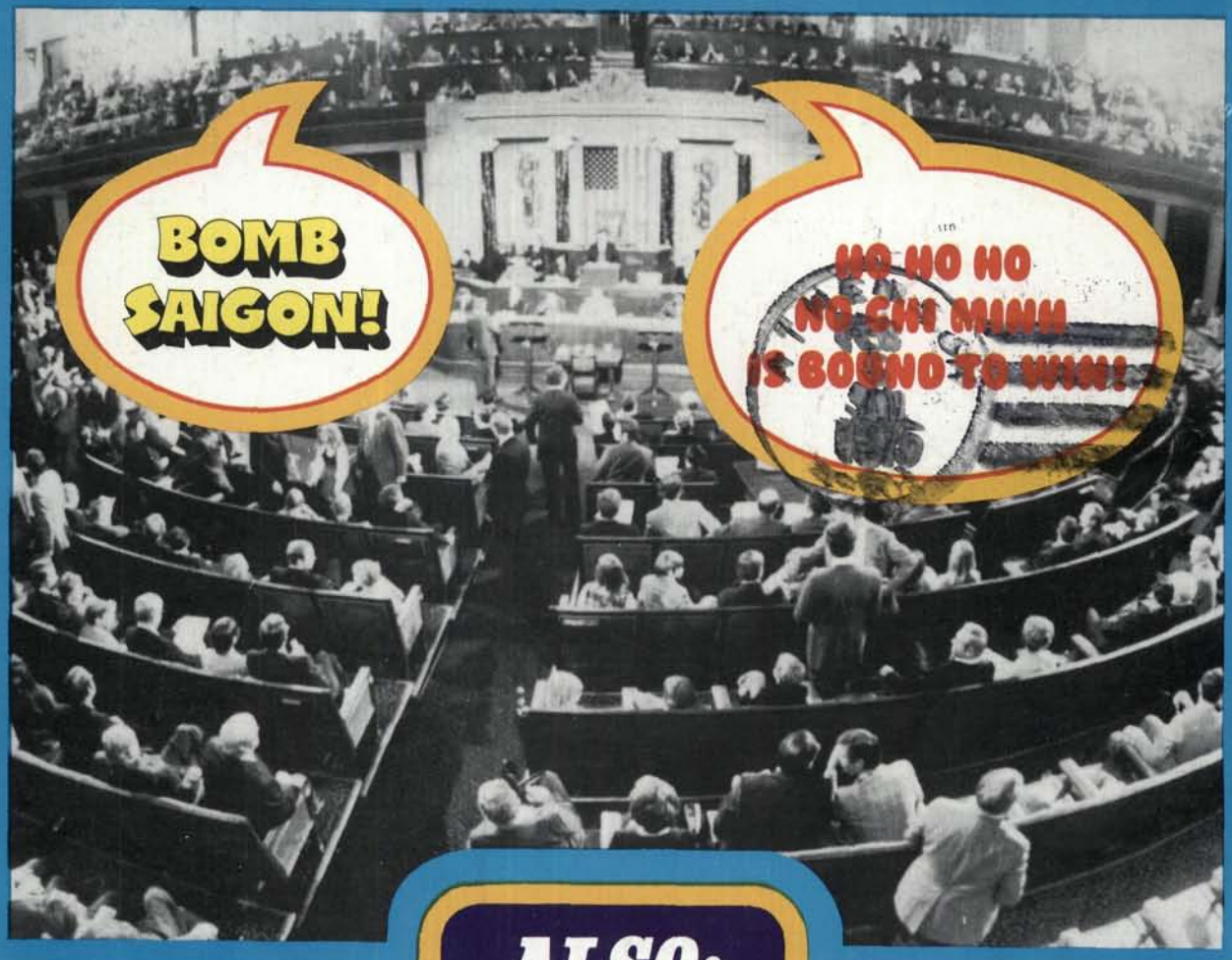
FEBRUARY 14, 1975

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

VIETNAM:
The Shape of Reform



ALSO:

MISSING THE MISSING IN ACTION

Plus Buckley, Burnham, Niemeyer, Will, Mano,
Louis Harris, Alan Reyn[illegible]
Patricia Coyne, Jack Ch[illegible]

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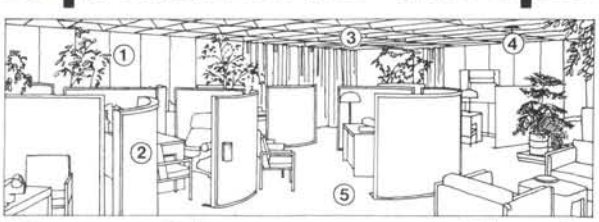

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Letters

Our Courageous Media

Pages 95 and 96 of your last issue [January 31] were superb. While much of the media babbles hysterically about the CIA, columnists Will and Burnham discussed something the others don't seem to consider newsworthy: the decline of American power.

Mid-Seventies America passively accepts Communist atrocities and Arab indignities. However, when the CIA is suspected of violating its charter, our courageous media swiftly move into action. I find it comforting that during the next oil embargo I'll be able to while away my time on gas lines reading the minutes of CIA meetings.

Philadelphia, Pa. ROBERT WINDARD

The Guru Slipped

When I first came across the Kirovograd passage in Basil Liddell Hart's *History of the Second World War* I stopped short. It looked odd, but I didn't then have time to pursue it.

I cannot help thinking that John Lukacs' article ["The Kirovograd Mystery," Jan. 31] is something of a card house built on the foundation of that one quote from Liddell Hart; which, as Mr. Lukacs notes, had no satisfactory source reference. This was very unlike the precise-minded Liddell Hart, who was a close friend and mentor. On reading the article, I discussed it with Professor Michael Howard of All Souls, Oxford, who has inherited Liddell Hart's mantle, and his comment was that he too had immediately suspected the passage on reading it after Liddell Hart's death (the volumes were published posthumously). He had since done some research in the libraries to delve into Liddell Hart's original sources. Michael Howard's conclusion is that the Ribbentrop/Molotov meeting at Kirovograd was a "latrine rumor" going around the German army, which Liddell Hart had picked up while interrogating German officers at the end of the war. He presumably made a note of it then and, says Michael Howard, "in his old age, and under considerable pressure to get the book finished, he presented it without further verification." Michael Howard's final word is: "I don't regard the evidence as reliable."

It does look as if this may be an occasion where the old guru made one of his very rare slips.

London ALISTAIR HORNE

Addendum

Nicholas Walshe's "Hangout Thing" anthology [Dec. 20] was complete, except for this one: "Ye shall know the hangout thing, and the hangout thing shall make you free."—John 8:32

Austin, Tex. NICK CUCCIA

Moonstruck

D. Keith Mano's article on Sun Myung Moon [Nov. 8] dripped disrespect and cynicism. One senses his eye is more jaundiced than gimlet. Rev. Moon has generally received a prejudiced, unfair press in the U.S., and this article is simply a further example.

Contrary to Mr. Mano's statements, Rev. Moon was *not* arrested multiple times for sex offenses. One-time charges brought by his ex-wife were subsequently dropped for lack of substance. Korean court records document this. No further charges have been brought.

Washington, D.C. W. FARLEY JONES
Director of Public Information
The Unification Church

If you reread the article you will notice that Mr. Mano was quoting one of Rev. Moon's own followers as to the multiple arrests.

—ED.

The Mideast . . .

Your editorial "The Mideast" [Dec. 20] is so sensible—with its stress on both Israeli security and Palestinian rights—that one fears it will never be adopted.

An additional, seventh point might include the suggestion long made by Dr. Israel Shahak, a refugee from Belsen and head of the Israeli League for Human and Civil Rights. Shahak, a distinguished chemist at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, called for equal treatment and privileges for both Arabs (and Oriental Jews)

(Continues on page 140)

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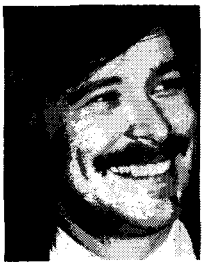

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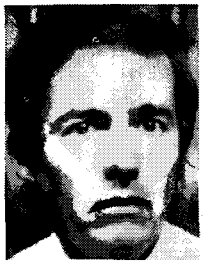

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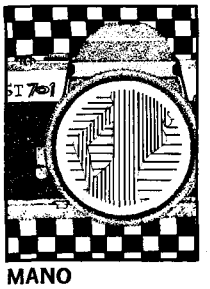

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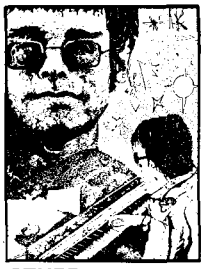

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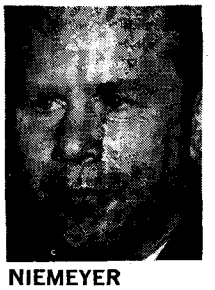

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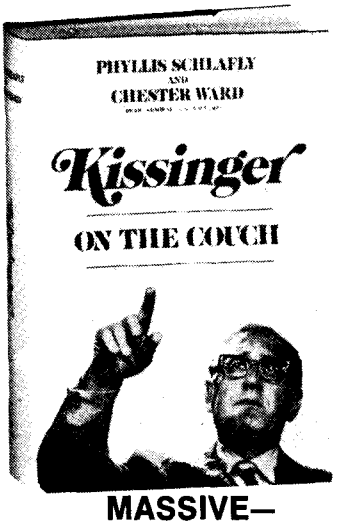

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Sarasota, Fla. JUSTUS D. DOENECKE

Your six-point prescription for a Mideast peace ["The Week," Dec. 20] fell into *The Treaty Trap*, despite your favorable review in 1969 of my book by that name, which shows that treaties are utterly unreliable.

Under your proposal, Israel withdraws to "the pre-1967 borders, possibly with minor modifications," and grants "the right of the Palestinian Arabs to self-determination and national existence." In 1970, Oriana Fallaci interviewed the PLO's leader, Yasir Arafat. He told her: "Peace for us means Israel's destruction and nothing else. What you call peace is peace for Israel and for the imperialists. For us it is shame and injustice. We shall fight on to victory."

In return you offer Israel promises in treaties: "declaration of nonbelligerency" and "recognition of Israel's right to national existence." At worst, this is meaningless; at best, it is a nonaggression treaty. Among the countries attacked in World War II, the following had nonaggression treaties with their attackers: Poland, Finland, Denmark, Albania, Greece, and the Soviet Union.

Finally, you join Senator J. William Fulbright in offering "a multinational guarantee, in which the U.S. would join, of the security of both Israel and its neighbors along these borders." Presumably, the four principal guarantors would be the USSR, Britain, France, and the United States. During its 57 years of existence, the USSR has been the champion treaty-breaker. For most of its history, the United States has shown the good sense to refrain from political treaties, but when it has made them, it has breached them. The American statesmen who have participated in breaches of political treaties include George Washington, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, Henry Laurens, Thomas Jefferson, Dwight D. Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy, Lyndon B. Johnson, and Richard M. Nixon.

LAURENCE W. BEILENSON

Los Angeles, Calif.

. . . and the National Interest

James Burnham takes the long view, always. The trouble is, there are those topics regarding which the long view distorts; it is the perspective that flattens out the essential and substantive "subjective" hills and valleys, and from which one may neatly argue away, as in his column "Fire at the Center" [Dec. 6], the existence of Israel as some of us are convinced it must subsist. The "national interest" is important, but when it comes into conflict with the transcendent human interest, which if we buy Mr. Burnham's argument in this case it does, then the former must give way. Indeed, the point can and should be made that in the "long view" the larger human interest is in the national interest: the paradox operating here is, I think, obvious. By the way, Mr. Burnham's observation that there are fewer of us who adhere to the "subjective" position with regard to Israel than is generally supposed is gratuitous at best. Since when is what is right in a given situation democratically determined? The answer is, when what is right is aligned with the popular view, it is mere coincidence.

There are two things I would like to live long enough to see—the obliteration of Communism from the face of the earth, and the ensured survival of the state of Israel. Would that Mr. Burnham could apprehend the connection.

San Francisco, Calif. NEIL G. BARCLAY

A Fitting Barbarism

I wonder that Malachi Martin ["Out of This World," Jan. 17] did not observe that the word "neomort" is an ugly conflation of Greek and Latin. But it is an appropriate word, for, as C. S. Lewis said, "Let barbarous things have barbarous names."

Ossining, N.Y. EUGENE MCGOVERN

Contemporary 'Literature'

I would like to take issue with Russell Kirk's condemnation of "'Contemporary' Literature" [Nov. 22] as little more than "a sop to the indifferences" of the counterculture.

It is true that detective stories by Dorothy Sayers and Arthur Conan Doyle are chiefly for "idle-hour pleasure." But it is also true that Shakespeare's plays were written not to become literary classics, but to be performed on stage as "idle-hour pleasure" for the masses.

I have recently completed a literature course in tragedy, which included not only the classics from Sophocles to Shakespeare, but also contemporary works such as Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, and discussion as to whether tragedy as an art form exists today.

With any study of literature, the evolution into modern forms is a natural accompaniment; without it, literary progress is left without an ending. The value of contemporary literature courses depends

(Continues on page 178)

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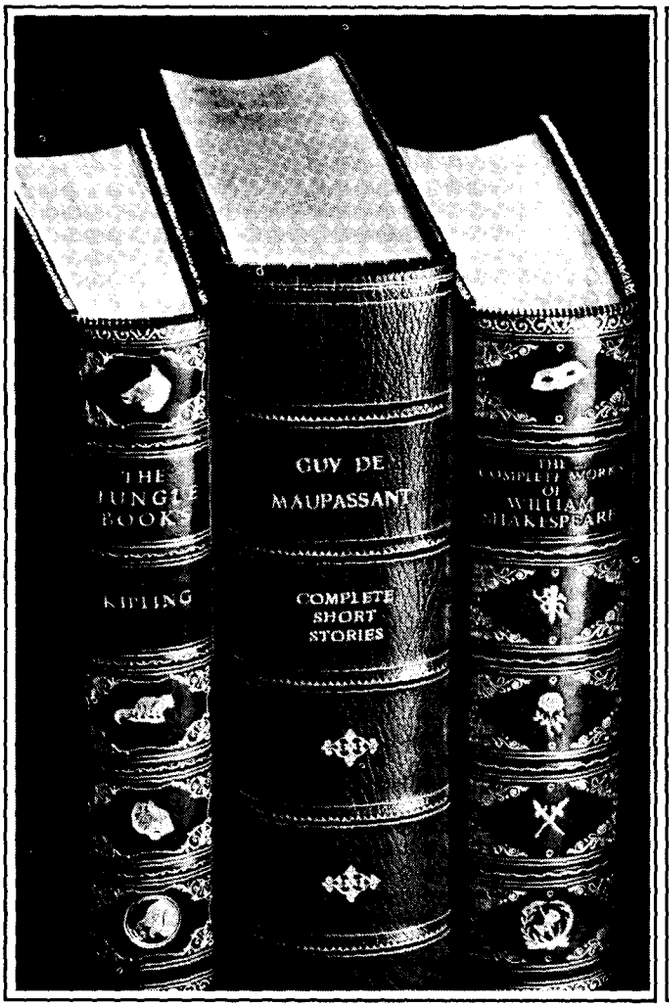

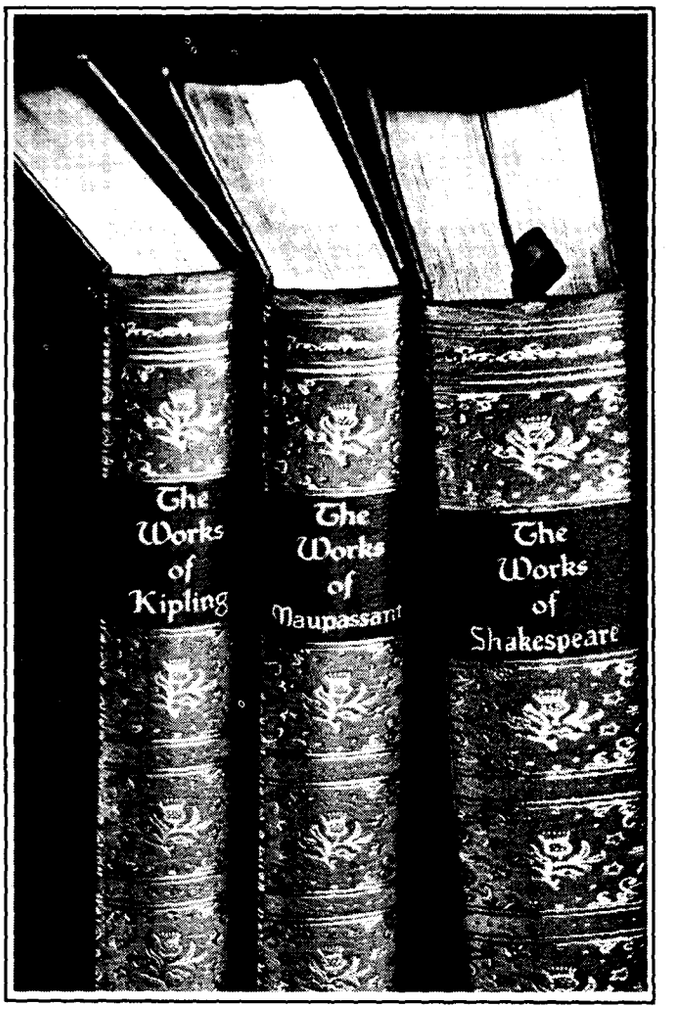

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The **Vietniks**, bereft of a live issue for the past couple of years, are in full cry again over aid to South Vietnam and Cambodia. Sen. **George McGovern** is against any further aid at all: "There may very well have been violations [of the peace agreement] on both sides, but our obligation is not to an ally in South Vietnam, our obligation is to the agreement itself." . . . Thousands demonstrated in Washington on the second anniversary of **Ceasefire Day** and the fleet of foot caught **Bella Abzug** twice: once flaying the Administration for continued support of "the dictators" **Thieu** and **Lon Nol**, the second time calling President Ford's $105-billion defense budget "an attempt to continue the nuclear arms race that threatens to exterminate all humanity unless we stop it." . . . Meanwhile American intelligence sources estimate that **Red China** and **Russia** poured $1.3 billion in economic and military aid into **North Vietnam** in 1974 while one-third of Thieu's planes are reported grounded for lack of fuel. . . . **South Vietnam** reports that since the 1973 ceasefire she has suffered 160,000 casualties, including 29,000 killed. Saigon says 112,000 **Communists** were killed in the same period, but U.S. intelligence believes those figures are inflated. . . . North Vietnam and the Vietcong celebrated Ceasefire Day by announcing they would permit no search for the **1,300 Americans** still missing in action in areas they control, in contravention of the treaty to which Sen. McGovern feels so obligated.

■ Joining the anti-South Vietnam chorus is a newcomer to that position, Sen. **Henry Jackson** of Washington, presidential contender, who told a Los Angeles audience the other day that he will oppose all further aid to South Vietnam, and that he now favors defense cuts. While in California Jackson conferred with liberal actor **Warren Beatty** at some length—Beatty was a major McGovern organizer and fundraiser in 1972—but apparently failed to convince him of his present doveishness. Beatty says he was impressed by Jackson's contrition but, "There's still a long way to go." . . . Jackson raised a packet for his race at a Los Angeles dinner of **Democratic fatcats**, and letters soliciting support will be going out to 400,000 people early this week. The mailing is being handled by liberal Alabaman **Morris Dees**, who launched the successful McGovern fundraising drive four years ago. . . . On the Republican side, Sen. **Barry Goldwater** says he believes **Gerald Ford** will run in 1976 and says that if he does he will get the support of conservatives. On a successful **Rockefeller** candidacy: not a chance, says Goldwater. "You'd have the united effort of the conservatives in the party against him. I don't think he'd have any chance at all." . . . Other Republicans not so sure Ford intends to run again. **Evans & Novak** say 70 per cent of the important Republicans they have canvassed (senators, congressmen, state chairmen, and national committeemen) see no Ford in our future after '76.

Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"That's what comes of opening the Company's books to the union!"

■ On the **CIA probe**: *U.S. News* reports many liberal congressmen surprised at reaction from their constituents to the attack on CIA. Quotes one as saying: "To a lot of people, raising questions about the CIA is like attacking the Marine Corps or motherhood." . . . To the *Daily World* the bombing of historic **Fraunces Tavern** in Wall Street was a "CIA provocation" engineered by the imperialists in order to "clamp even more stringent repression on the barrios—and on Puerto Rico as well." . . . A supersecret unit of the **Internal Revenue Service**, says the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, has been ordered disbanded and its confidential files destroyed. The Gathering and Research Unit of IRS was set up in first Nixon Administration to collect personal information on U.S. citizens, according to the story.

■ Reports from Europe and Latin America indicate a Chilean government in exile may shortly set up shop in Mexico. Mexico suddenly broke off diplomatic relations with **Chile** in December. Possible head of the new government would be **Clodomiro Almeyda**, foreign minister under **Allende**, who was released by the Junta several weeks ago and was flown directly to Rumania. . . . Mexico City was the scene of the Third International Tribune to Denounce the Fascist Junta's Crimes the last week in January, and President **Echeverría** met with Tribune organizer **Jacob Soberman** a week or two earlier.

■ In Cuba, **Fidel Castro**, panting after rapprochement with the U.S., has just named two new schools after Americans: "Los Martires de Kent" (after the **Kent State Four**) and "Esposos **Rosenberg**" (after Julius and Ethel).

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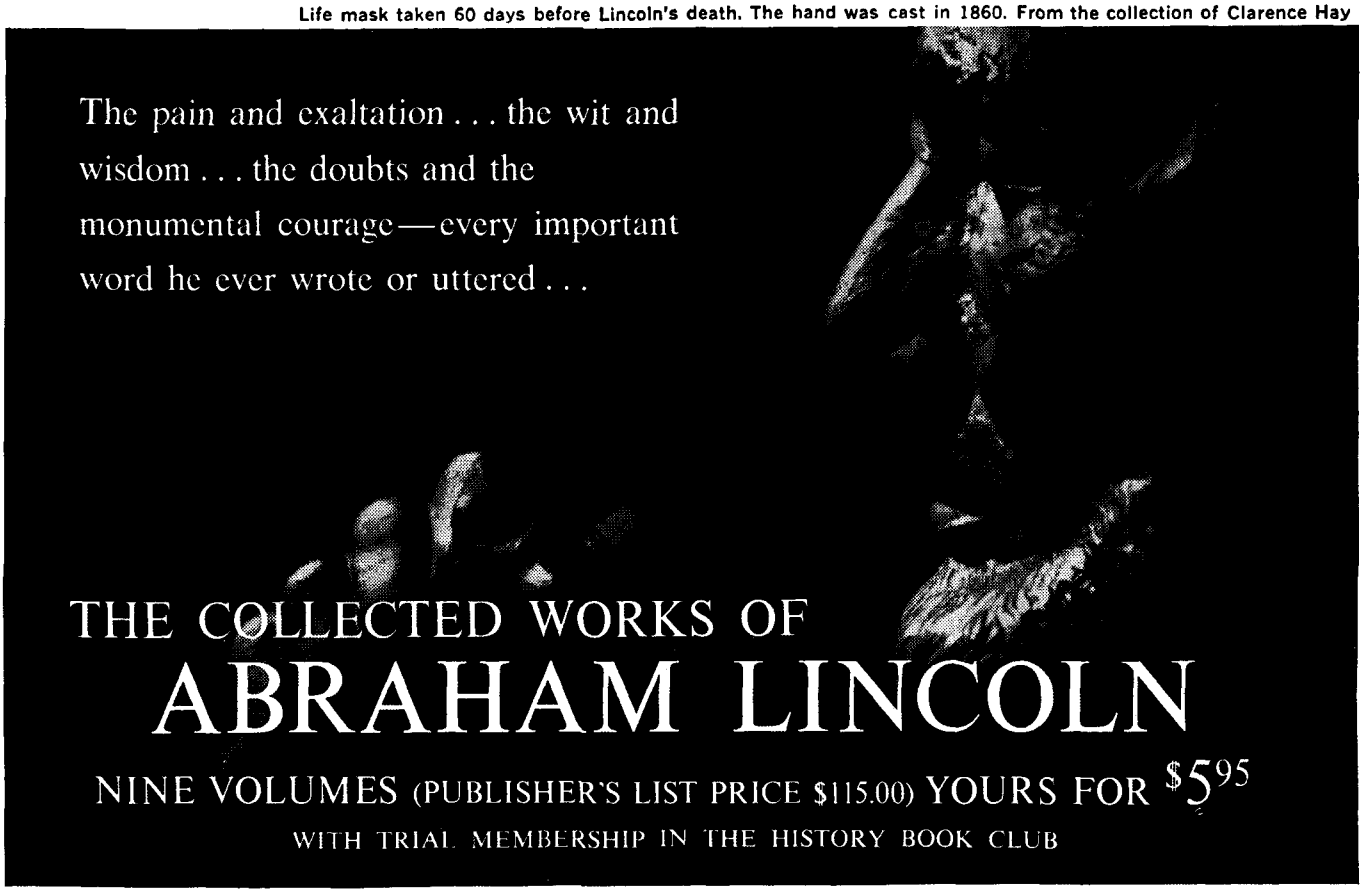
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay



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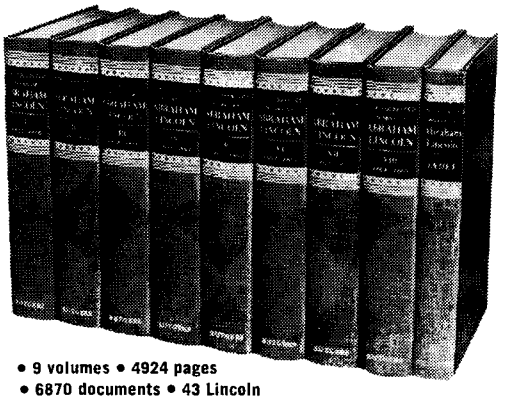

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THE WEEK

■ Nobody has yet recorded the historically momentous fact that, as Mr. Rockefeller walked into the Senate chamber to be sworn in as Vice President, he tripped; and that as President Ford followed up the aisle, *he* tripped, apparently at the same spot. The TV crews were not alert enough to give us an instant replay, so we'll never know if it was a loose rug or a Democrat with a leg out.

■ Among Senator Edward Kennedy's plans is a visit to Cuba, where he will be photographed deep in diplomatic conversation with Fidel Castro. We have come a long way from his brother's first foreign policy venture, at the Bay of Pigs. And where are we going? There are still some wise Washington observers who expect the 1976 Democratic convention to nominate Kennedy—with or perhaps without his urging.

■ It's a little bit like paying out four bits for the coconut custard pie that is about to be flung in your face. Last November, the Republican National Committee asked pollster Robert Teeter to find out what Americans think of the Republican Party, and the answer is, not much. "The first thing that comes to people's minds about the Republican Party," says Teeter, "is that it's the party of big business and that it's rich, organized, and wealthy." Republicans are regarded as "untrustworthy" and "incompetent" and when Teeter (possibly fearing for his fee) asked what people found good about the GOP, two-thirds of those questioned couldn't think of a thing. Politicians being politicians, the GOP state chairmen in Chicago last week seemed not unduly depressed. "The Democrats only look half good," commented one, "because we don't look good at all."

■ A footnote to the West Virginia textbook controversy. In its December report, Accuracy in Media reviews news coverage of the dispute, and concludes that by and large, "the news media have shied away from conveying to the public a clear and accurate impression of why the West Virginia parents are so upset": one reason for this being that the offending passages in the textbooks are, by the standards of most publications, unprintable. This is particularly ironic in the case of the *Washington Post*, which carried only some relatively mild passages from the books, even as its editors were deploring the parents' resistance to those it dared not print. Perhaps the *Post* was leery of getting its own - - - - caught in a wringer.

■ One thing that can be said about the IBM case, even if the several tons of documents are not readily intelligible to the layman, is that the basic issue stands out like a beacon of hope in a country whose economists are beginning to show their true socialist colors, rather like the gay set coming out of the closet. The basic issue was whether IBM's business activities "constituted valid competitive practice," or were "predatory" or "otherwise violative of the antitrust acts." The trial court found against IBM; the Court of Appeals reversed; the Supreme Court may have the final say. Other suits against the computer giant, including one by the Justice Department, may well be dropped as a result of the Court of Appeals' decision, and the smell of success may regain its sweetness. No country in which million-dollar suits consume years deciding what is a valid competitive practice can be said to have reached the end of the road to serfdom.

■ Britain's Labor Government, honoring a campaign pledge, will go ahead with a popular referendum, in June, on whether Britain should continue its membership in the European Economic Community. As of now, the outcome is very much in doubt, and the issue is going to arouse a massive public discussion ranging from enlightened historical and strategic analyses to the most ferocious provincial demagogy. There is no precedent in British history for a referendum of this sort, from which fact many British scholars as well as politicians have condemned it as "unconstitutional" and a grave blow to the authority of Parliament. Apart from any theoretical and constitutional anomalies, the practical problems of conducting the referendum will bring many a headache between now and June. How is the question on the ballot to be worded? Anyone familiar with opinion polls knows the critical importance of the answer to that one. And who will decide how it is to be worded? Will the referendum settle the matter of EEC membership? Or will an act of Parliament still be required? In that case, would the referendum result be binding on Parliament, so that its vote would be only a formality? How much money can be spent by the two sides? Who *are* the two sides? Who would police their money raising and other activities? What about allocation of radio-TV time?—on the public BBC? on the commercial networks? on commercial Radio Luxembourg, outside the jurisdiction of the British government, with its British audience of ten million or more? Take it from there, Harold Wilson.

■ Soviet dissident Roy Medvedev, who blasted Andrei Sakharov and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn in 1973 for their stand on detente, has now turned roughly the same arguments against Henry Jackson. He argues that Jackson's amendment to the Trade Act was pressed only "in order to make pretentious personal publicity for himself," and that "he worked hard to make humiliating the difficult compromise that was achieved." Medvedev believes detente to be a good thing, both for Soviet citizens and for us, a position which Sakharov eloquently disputes. "Westerners . . . must realize that detente cannot be unconditional," says Sakharov. "If it is, that would be one more capitulation to our antidemocratic

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CBS Children's Film Festival. Strange Holiday; Birds Come Flying to Us; Friends for Life; Paganini Strikes Again; Three Nuts for Cinderella; Orange Watering Cart; Bunnie; Anoop and the Elephant; Jumping Over Puddles. Saturdays, Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22; March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (1-2 pm).

ABC News Close-Up. Washington Regulators: How They Cost You Money, Saturday, Feb. 1 (8-9 pm); Inner workings of Internal Revenue Service, March (Date and time TBA).

Nuclear Proliferation. NBC News reports on policies to prevent nuclear catastrophe. Sunday, Feb. 2 (10-11 pm).

Death Be Not Proud. Based on John Gunther's memoir of his son's fight for life. Arthur Hill, Jane Alexander, Robby Benson. Tuesday, Feb. 4 (8-10 pm).

All Creatures Great and Small. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Story of Scot veterinarian beginning practice in Yorkshire. Simon Ward, Anthony Hopkins. Tuesday, Feb. 4 (8:30-10 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Skating Rink; Santiago's America; Rookie of the Year. Wednesdays, Feb. 5, 19; March 12 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Sad Figure, Laughing. Sandburg's Lincoln—Deals with Lincoln's humor. Hal Holbrook, Elizabeth Ashley, Sada Thompson. Wednesday, Feb. 12 (10-11 pm).

Queen of the Stardust Ballroom. Maureen Stapleton as widow starting new life. Thursday, Feb. 13 (9-11 pm).

A Gathering of One. Portrait of 18th century theologian Jonathan Edwards. Sunday, Feb. 16 (3-4 pm).

Highlights of Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus. Sunday, Feb. 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Oliver! Academy Award film based on *Oliver Twist*. Sunday, Feb. 16 (7:30-10:30 pm).

It's A Mystery, Charlie Brown, Monday, Feb. 17 (8-8:30 pm); **It's the Easter Beagle, Charlie Brown,** Wednesday, March 26 (8-8:30 pm).

American Film Institute Salute to Orson Welles. Noted moviemakers and film highlights. Monday, Feb. 17 (9:30-11 pm).

Dr. Seuss' the Hoober-Bloob Highway, Wednesday, Feb. 19 (8-8:30 pm); **Dr. Seuss' Horton Hears a Who,** Monday, March 24 (8:30-9 pm).

Maurice Sendak's Really Rosie: Starring the Nutshell Kids. Characters by favorite children's artist. Wednesday, Feb. 19 (8:30-9 pm).

1975 Entertainment Hall of Fame Awards. Honoring 20th century creators and performers. Gene Kelly, host. Saturday, Feb. 22 (10 pm-12 midnight).

In This House of Brede. Diana Rigg in Rumer Godden story. Thursday, Feb. 27 (9-11 pm).

NBC News Reports. The problem of handguns. Sunday, March 2 (10-11 pm).

Love Among the Ruins. ABC Theatre—Katharine Hepburn, Laurence Olivier in Angela Thirkell comedy. Thursday, March 6 (9-11 pm).

Survival Anglia. Documentary on gorillas. Friday, March 7 (8-9 pm).

Funny Girl to Funny Lady. Barbra Streisand live from Kennedy Center. Sunday, March 9 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Canterville Ghost. Bell System Family Theatre—David Niven in Oscar Wilde story of Americans intimidating English ghost. Monday, March 10 (8-9 pm).

The Hyena Story. Jane Goodall and the World of Animal Behavior. Thursday, March 13 (8-9 pm).

The Small Miracle. Based on Paul Gallico story. Wednesday, March 19 (8-9 pm).

Fashion Awards 1975. Diahann Carroll and John Davidson host tribute to designers. Wednesday, March 19 (9:30-11 pm).

The Law. 3-part series combines documentary and dramatic elements. Wednesdays, March 19, 26; April 2 (10-11 pm).

The Story of Jacob and Joseph. With Keith Michell, Colleen Dewhurst, Herschel Bernardi. Sunday, March 23 (8:30-10:30 pm).

The White Seal. From Kipling's *Jungle Book*. Monday, March 24 (8-8:30 pm).

Huckleberry Finn. New adaptation of Mark Twain novel. Tuesday, March 25 (8-9:30 pm).

Smithsonian: The Hope Diamond. Story of "curse" that afflicted owners of famous gem. Thursday, March 27 (10-11 pm).

Harlequin. CBS Festival of the Lively Arts for Young People—Ballet with Edward Villella, Rebecca Wright. Friday, March 28 (3:30-4:30 pm).

The Right to Believe. Directions—The struggle for religious liberty. Sunday, March 30 (1-2 pm).

Sojourner. American Parade—Sojourner Truth, early civil rights campaigner, portrayed by Vinette Carroll. Sunday, March 30 (9:30-10:30 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/AM America/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company/Zoom/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Yogi's Gang/Emergency + 4/Land of the Lost/Valley of the Dinosaurs/Sigmund and the Sea Monsters/Korg: 70,000 B.C.!/Star Trek/Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Comedy Show/Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine/These are the Days/GO/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/CBS Children's Film Festival/The Reasoner Report/Weekend

Sunday: U.S. of Archie/In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Specials/Weekend

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Senator William Roth (R., Del.), one of the Senate's quiet conservatives, is not taking quietly Mr. Ford's proposal to give an $80 cash payment to every adult earning less than $5,600 a year. He thinks it is something like the Nixon Administration's Family Assistance Plan, by another name and by the back door, and he says: "Once again, the Federal Government is planning to embark on an untested social program without any thought or preparation whatsoever. . . . While the relative cost of this program is relatively small compared to similar previous proposals, the Congress would still be allowing the camel's nose to get under the tent. And once a federal spending program gets into the tent, it is impossible to get it out. Does anyone really believe that, once enacted, Congress would not look at the potential votes these 25 million people represented every election year? Past experience with federal transfer payments of this type proves that there are too many potential voters involved, and that the payments would be increased every two years." Roth says the program does not even have the redeeming merit of providing substantial relief to anyone who might deserve it: $80 a year comes to only $1.54 a week.

■ Signs of the time: the week when Americans filed a record number of new claims (970,200) for unemployment compensation, the government announced plans to borrow $28 billion to finance growing deficits, and key Democratic senators predicted that there is "no chance" that Congress will approve one of Mr. Ford's key economy proposals—the 5 per cent limit on the Social Security cost-of-living increase. Oh, yes, one other thing, the so-called "ceiling" on the national debt is going up from $495 billion to $604 billion by June 30, 1976. Treasury Secretary Simon asked for the huge one-step increase a) because it is necessary, given the inevitable deficits and b) to help shock the public into recognizing the scale of public debt. Congress probably will refuse the one-step increase, preferring the subterfuge of raising the "ceiling" in less shocking increments.

■ Batten down the hatches, man battle stations, here comes Prox, enemy of military waste. One week's worth of mortar fire from Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.):

1. The charge that "super deluxe presidential suites and VIP facilities are proliferating in military hospitals while the Navy still segregates officers and enlisted men in some of its hospitals. . . . The maintenance of these plush accommodations for the military brass, their wives, and civilian big-shots [frequently Proxmire's senatorial colleagues —CATO] is an affront to the taxpayer. . . ."

2. The charge that "the General Accounting Office (GAO) has found that $13.9 million a year is being spent to maintain 300 military golf courses in 19 foreign countries and the United States. This $13.9 million comes directly out of the defense budget which the Pentagon claims is dangerously low. . . . There are twenty U.S. military golf courses in Germany alone. Ten have been built in Japan. Korea has six. . . ."

3. The charge that a GAO report demonstrates that "the Matagorda Island bombing range in Texas was used as a fishing and hunting resort for high ranking military officers . . . from October 1972 to May 1974 the Air Force spent over $218,000 in appropriated funds on Matagorda Island for recreational purposes."

■ The Republican Steering Committee, a group of conservative Republican congressmen, has changed its name to the Republican Study Committee and elected Congresswoman Marjorie Holt (Md.) to be Chairwoman. The Study Committee, the largest voluntary Republican organization in Congress, has elected four Vice Chairmen: Phil Crane (Ill.), Steve Symms (Idaho), Barry Goldwater Jr. (Calif.), Tom Hagedorn (Minn.). John Rousselot (Calif.) is treasurer. The Executive Committee consists of Bill Armstrong (Colo.), Bob Bauman (Md.), Robin Beard (Tenn.), Clair Burgener (Calif.), Sam Devine (Ohio), Bill Dickinson (Ala.), Bill Goodling (Pa.), Charles Grassley (Iowa), Jack Kemp (N.Y.), Trent Lott (Miss.), David Treen (La.), Floyd Spence (S.C.), Ed Derwinski (Ill.), Del Clawson (Calif.).

■ South Dakota is not a big oil state. George McGovern is one of those senators who scoff at the idea that oil companies need high oil prices as an incentive to increase production. McGovern wants the Federal Government to nearly double the floor under corn and wheat prices. He says higher prices are essential to higher grain production.

■ Headline of the Week, Department of Unstrained Mercy: "Nixon Spared U.S. Bill for Flight Home." The story reported that the Federal Government would not charge Mr. Nixon $8,440 for half of his flight to California on Air Force One the day he resigned. Mr. Nixon was over Jefferson City, Missouri, when Mr. Ford was sworn in, so Mr. Nixon was not President during approximately half the flight. —CATO

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regime, an encouragement to its crimes. . . . The key issue . . . ought to be an end to the insulation of this country. This means freedom to leave the country, freedom to return, freedom to renounce or to keep Soviet nationality. . . . Unqualified Western willingness to improve relations would mean cultivating a country where anything that happens may be shielded from outside eyes—a masked country that hides its real face."

■ Three years after he declared economic war on England, Uganda's Idi Amin has let the British know that all is forgiven: he has invited himself to England. Aside from meeting with British Asians whom "I booted out of" Uganda in 1972, Amin has asked Queen Elizabeth to make the necessary arrangements to enable him to advise the leaders of the national liberation movements in Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland, "who are struggling for self-determination and independence from your political and economic system." And if there was a Briton who hadn't noticed that the Empire was dismantled, the African chief made it clear in one sentence to the Queen: "I hope there will be during my stay a steady and reliable supply of essential commodities."

■ The Department of Defense is about to give a security clearance to an avowed homosexual, about which,

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before too many knees jerk, two points. 1) To the extent that the point of a security clearance is to establish that the subject is free of circumstances that might subject him to blackmail, a clearance should not be denied to a homosexual who makes no secret, indeed who publicly avows, his homosexuality. He is not subject to blackmail on the general ground that he is a homosexual, however much he may be, on the specific ground that he has, say, been having an affair with the boss's husband. Even the heterosexual is subject to blackmail on such specific grounds *mutatis mutandi*. 2) The homosexual's qualifications for a particular job are a different matter from his security. That is, it would not be inherently contradictory for the homosexual to be eligible for a clearance but not, on account of his homosexuality, qualified for a particular job. Put otherwise, there are—still—positions in which a homosexual would be inappropriate, and his having a clearance should not be transmuted into proof of qualification.

■ Been Down So Long It Looks like Up to Me Dept.: The Soviet government reportedly wants to buy American mail-handling machines to improve its postal service.

Not Much Pay Dirt In Them Diggings

We have a suspicion that the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*, Senators Church, Proxmire, Hart, and Abourezk, Representatives Harrington, Edwards, and Abzug, and other like-minded tribunes, are going to be disappointed with the net payoff on their CIA caper. The *Times* led with a whoop and a holler, figuring it would get the jump this time on its media rivals who had whipped it in the Watergate sweepstakes; the *Post* moved up strongly after being a little slow at the gate; the congressional pack, dutifully echoing the rhetoric the media were feeding them, crowded into the field. Here was to be the new Watergate, a giant orange from which to squeeze sweet political juices for many a month to come.

But already, in spite of the huffing and puffing, the drive seems to be slowing down. The trouble is that most of the citizens don't give much of a damn about the CIA one way or another, and most of those who do are inclined to feel it is not such a bad sort of outfit to have up there somewhere. The crusaders charge CIA with the double crime of interfering in the affairs of other nations and spying on some of the folks at home. In these foreign goings-on, CIA, to judge from the foreigners who keep denouncing it, seems at least to be on our side, which is more than the average citizen is sure of in the case of some other agencies messing around abroad, and anyway that sort of foreign business doesn't cut much ice in Peoria. As for those files on 10,000 of us here at home, there are a lot more than that number who ought to be kept track of, as most of us see it. Ten thousand are few enough out of 225 million. Besides, none of them has complained about any actual damage CIA has ever done them. CIA can't arrest anybody or put them in jail or fine them, so what's to worry even if the spooks did poke around a little where they weren't supposed to?

Given this nonresonating popular attitude, the media and members of Congress may before long find themselves talking to each other—an occupation sufficiently futile to prompt even the *Times* and Senator Proxmire, at some point, to switch records. Moreover, not all the appointees to the rapidly multiplying committees of investigation are irresponsible demagogues. The more sober souls among them are already giving signs that, while they too wish to check any genuine abuses of which CIA may be found guilty, they do not share the desire of our enemies and some of our compatriots to crush that beleaguered agency and to make it impossible for this nation to continue to have an effective and confidential intelligence office as an integral element in our national defense.

Perhaps it will occur to one or another of the inquisitors that among the relevant questions to which inquiry might be directed is precisely, in fact: who are the primary instigators of what by now we can recognize as a globally correlated campaign—begun some years ago and manifest in standardized charges, slogans, and actions in dozens of countries as well as our own—to destroy the CIA?

On the Abortion Front . . .

1. On the second anniversary of the Supreme Court's pro-abortion ruling in *Doe* v. *Wade*, some 25,000 (by police estimate—others put the number nearer 50,000) protesting demonstrators poured into Washington. Senator James Buckley told them he would reintroduce his Human Life Amendment in the Senate (and he did, the next day). The crowd was larger than last year's; clearly the issue is far from dead politically.

2. The West German Constitutional Court is reportedly planning to overturn an easy abortion law passed by the Social Democrat-dominated majority in parliament. The issue is, and will remain, hot there too.

3. In Boston, the manslaughter trial of Dr. Kenneth Edelin proceeds. He is accused of killing a live baby boy, who, it is maintained, died from lack of oxygen when separated from the support of the womb in a surgical procedure similar to Caesarean section. Speaking to the annual meeting of the National Abortion Rights Action League, Edelin said, "The central issue we've all been fighting for is freedom of choice." Whatever the result of the trial—some facts are in dispute, and the prosecution has done some bungling (one observer predicts acquittal or a hung jury)—Edelin's appearance before the group, which included Representative Paul McCloskey, proves one thing: the lines are becoming

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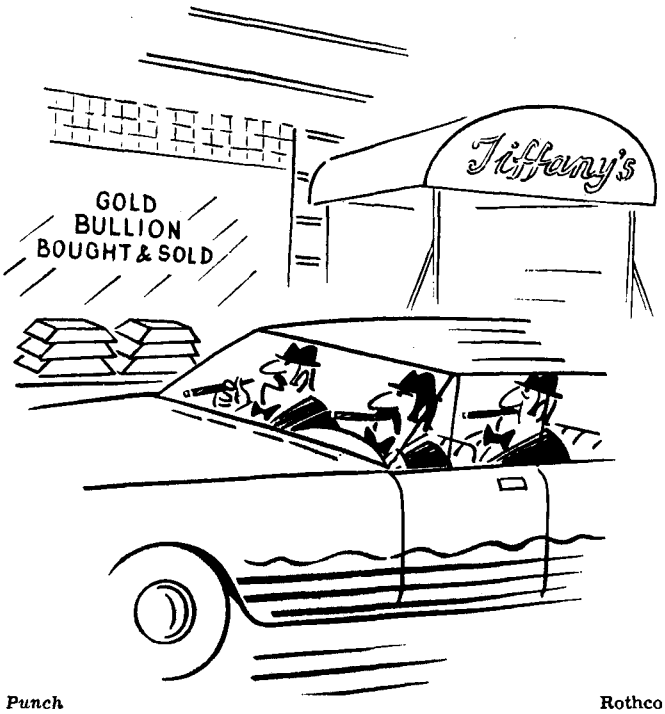

Punch Rothco

"Weight for weight, Louie, we'll still stick to narcotics."

clearly drawn. Pro-abortionists might have been expected to keep their distance from a man who has apparently committed an act abhorrent to many who might tolerate early abortions; but, at least in some cases, no; those who embraced Edelin were effectively announcing what anti-abortionists have charged, namely, that "freedom of choice" includes freedom to kill. The boy might have lived; he posed no threat to his mother's health, being detached from her; yet Edelin's act has been publicly defended as a legitimate part of "freedom of choice." A great part of his courtroom defense is semantic, his lawyer objecting even to the pronoun "he" in references to the dead boy.

4. A New York court of appeals has upheld a ruling in a malpractice suit by a woman who sought damages from her doctor on grounds that he failed to diagnose her pregnancy in time for her to get an abortion. She delivered a healthy child, and complained that the doctor was responsible for her "pain and suffering," loss of consortium, and educational and mental expenses for the child. Headlined the *National Right to Life News*: "Parents can sue doctor for birth of child."

5. Volume I, No. 1 of *The Human Life Review* is now before us. Included in the first number is Senator James Buckley's U.S. Senate address in favor of "A Human Life Amendment"; Dr. André E. Hellegers on "Abortion and Birth Control"; Professor John T. Noonan on "A New Constitutional Amendment"; Professor John Hart Ely on "The Supreme Court Decisions"; Rabbi Immanuel Jakobovits on "The Jewish View"; and M. J. Sobran on "Rhetoric and Cultural War." The *Review*'s focus is philosophical, legal, and political, and it plans to make available on abortion and other perplexed questions the best that has been thought and said. It is published by the Human Life Foundation, Inc., Room 540, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Mayday, Mayday

Last week's award of $10,000 each to 1,200 anti-war protestors is a miscarriage of justice that has to be seen not to be believed, to use Randall Jarrell's formulation. And what fun Jarrell would have had satirizing the awards: $7,500 each for violation of First Amendment rights, $180 to $1,800 for violation of Fourth Amendment rights, $300 to $1,200 for false imprisonment, $500 each for violation of Eighth Amendment rights, $50 each for malicious prosecution. (But nothing, apparently, for Ninth Amendment rights.) The decision, of course, is absurd.

The demonstrators, unhappy with the workings of democracy, went to Washington to stop the government by terror and force, something a free people cannot allow. They were prevented from doing so by the police who, without either breaking heads (remember Chicago?) or shooting people (Kent State?), sequestered the demonstrators and preserved, roughly, the peace. The arrests of the demonstrators were subsequently held to be illegal, and one inevitable result of that decision was that some rights of those who were arrested can be deemed to have been violated. People whose rights have been violated by the state may indeed be entitled sometimes to monetary restitution. What to do? What to do is what was not done, namely, to weigh the rights of those arrested against the rights of the people being protected by the police. The rioting demonstrators, and those who kept their ungodly company, assumed certain risks, one of which was that the citizens of Washington could not be expected not to take certain minimal steps to preserve life, limb, property, and peace. Those who sought to deprive the people of the blessings of liberty should not now be rewarded, from the deep pocket of the Washington taxpayers, for having been successfully thwarted from their ugly pursuits.

There are times when a monetary award for violation by the state of a constitutional right would be appropriate. In the case of an illegal search and seizure, for example, a monetary award (except to a defendant convicted in a case in which the illegally seized material was available as evidence) would, aside from smoothing ruffled constitutional feathers, be some incentive to the police not to repeat the illegality. But what is the lesson of the $12 million to the Mayday demonstrators? The lesson is that the police may not, must not, prevent chaotic eruptions by mobs. If, on appeal, the courts uphold that lesson, the law will be held by honest folk in the low esteem it will so richly deserve.

Justice and Despair

The bombing of Fraunces Tavern in New York's Wall Street district brings despair on a number of fronts, one of which, for us, is that it took the life of a personal friend—investment banker, Dartmouth graduate, angler, kindly soul, a man who probably never gave three thoughts to

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GUEST EDITORIAL

Dance along the Precipice

From an article in the Times *(London), "Dangers of President Ford's Ceasefire in the War on Inflation," by the* Times' *economics editor, Peter Jay.*

"We have made some progress in slowing down the upward spiral of inflation and getting interest rates started down. But we have suffered sudden and serious setbacks in sales and unemployment. Therefore we must shift our emphasis from inflation to recession."

With these ignominious and breathtakingly naive words President Ford on Monday [Jan. 13] hauled down the United States colors in the fight against inflation and made sure that within two and a half years the world will be in the grip of an even more powerful inflation than it was in 1973-74.

Students of political management of the economy, in the United States as in the United Kingdom and most other industrial democracies, will notice all the familiar ingredients which make the stop-go cycle, with accelerating inflation, a built-in feature of modern political economy. Notice the surprise with which the President greets "the sudden and serious setbacks in sales and unemployment." . . .

Recessions tend to mean "setbacks in sales and unemployment," though perhaps this point was overlooked in all the high-level economic seminars and advice to which Mr. Ford has publicly and privately subjected himself in recent months. . . .

Notice also the comfortable inference, that, having made a little progress in slowing inflation, the emphasis must, and can, shift forthwith to combatting recession, as though this were a matter of redeploying troops to some new front after blocking an assault elsewhere. Nowhere does the President recognize that fighting recession in the short term by reflation simply means refueling a still powerful inflation. . . .

President Ford's remarks quoted above are a classic example of the misconception that is making accelerating inflation the bane of modern political economy, the certain precursor of eventual massive unemployment, and the probable destroyer of modern political freedoms.

The truth, as Professor Milton Friedman has so powerfully argued and events in recent years have so graphically illustrated, is that fiscal and monetary "reflation" cannot sustain full employment in the long term, except at the price of faster and faster inflation.

It is better to step off this doomsday machine when the price is only a severe and prolonged recession than to wait until the price is a slump and the convulsion of hyperinflation.

But, as President Ford's actions—despite so many brave anti-inflationary words from the White House and from his now discredited Treasury Secretary, William Simon, and chief economic adviser, Alan Greenspan—demonstrate yet again, the economic imperatives (and even the long term political imperatives) are irresistibly contradicted by short term political imperatives. . . .

Puerto Rico Libre. Puerto Rico Libre indeed! What Puerto Rico is virtually free of is a most antidemocratic insistence on liberation which, however much it may pass for politics with Jane Fonda and the kook fringe, 95 per cent of the Puerto Rican population have, on a regular basis, chosen to reject. But the FALN, the terrorist Armed Forces of National Liberation, has other designs for the island of 2,700,000, although at one hundred or so members it numbers only slightly more than the people injured at Fraunces Tavern.

Clues in the case are few, but even if they were plentiful one would still despair. The chances of catching the bombers are slim; and if they are caught, can they receive a just trial? Even if they were convicted, what sentence would they receive? And how much of it would they serve?

Execution is the obviously appropriate punishment for a crime so heinous, premeditated, coldblooded, subversive, and terroristic, not because capital punishment deters, but because our sense of justice cries out for it. Edward Levi, the Attorney General designate, favors the death penalty for certain crimes, and even said so in public. He places his reliance on the deterrence factor, although the statistics on deterrence are inconclusive, and he would have been on firmer ground basing his stand on the requirements of justice. Still, the utilitarian argument may be more appropriate in a forum filled with liberals, the twin thunderbolts of whose anticrime program are gun control and a frown for plea bargaining.

But Mr. Levi explained that to be effective the death penalty would have to be quickly enforced, wherein lies the rub. The criminal procedures legislated by the Supreme Court have so slowed the wheels of justice in this country that it would be surprising if any penalty on the books now acted as a deterrent on a man with criminal intent. And surprising if, the wheels having been so slowed, widespread plea bargaining were not the result. The Supreme Court, the primary instrument of our despair for justice, has been more solicitous of the constitutional rights of children to wear their hair where and how they please and not to be expelled from school than of society's right to live in peace, free from street attacks

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on old ladies and lunchtime bombings of "reactionary corporate executives." Not gun control, not even capital punishment could be sure of stopping acts of terror. But a 179° change of heart on the requirements of justice could fashion a system in which the criminal might fear to ply his trade and honest citizens could pursue happiness in peace.

Democratizing Phi Bete

Once upon a time, Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister, desired to increase the number of sure Whig votes in the House of Lords by making Benjamin Hoadly a bishop in the Church of England. But, it was objected to Walpole, Hoadly was not even a Christian. He was a deist. "Nonsense," replied the prime minister. "You don't have to be a Christian to be a bishop in the Church of England"—and Hoadly sat in the Lords.

Well, you don't have to be much of a student to make Phi Bete these days, as statistics from some of our leading "educational" institutions demonstrate. The *average* grade at Stanford, it recently developed, is A minus. At Yale, during the spring term last year, 42 per cent of all undergraduate grades were As or Bs. In the senior class, 46 per cent graduated with honors (signifying, one gathers, that it is virtually an honor just to be there). At American University last spring 75 per cent of all grades were As and Bs. So it goes.

Numerous reasons have been adduced, most of them bad, such as the overriding need to get undergraduates into graduate schools. In fact, because of grade inflation, graduate schools increasingly rely on entrance examinations and other objective tests. It is not likely that students will be entering medical school, for example, just because they can present a lot of "gentleman's As."

The root cause of grade inflation, however, looks to be a loss of professional nerve on the part of college faculties. During the 1960s, faculties canceled classes to please the "kids" when they presented themselves as war protestors. Faculties approved courses in movie appreciation, and so on, to please the kids. Across the nation, standards have buckled in the name of affirmative action, black studies, women's studies, and whatnot. Under such circumstances it must seem churlish, indeed reactionary, to give a student a C, let alone a failure. Four years ago, indeed, Stanford abolished the grades of D and F. *Gaudeamus igitur!* Excelsior! But the latter term has an interesting double aspect. It can signify either a) aspiration to achieve the highest, or b) the material used to stuff seat cushions.

Eyes on Detroit

Forget the fear of Datsuns
  Or if the Wankel's in.
Should GM axe its Cadillacs?
  That's not my discipline.
Nor do I mean to focus
  On how Detroit pollutes,
Or how a guy can justify
  Those ghastly car commutes.
The story I refer to
  Will come from our Supremes
When they discuss if we must bus
  Beyond our wildest dreams.

W. H. VON DREELE

We'll Tell You a Secret

During the past month approximately 12 million words have been written in the Western press, and another nine million spoken over TV and radio, concerning the current political developments in Moscow and Peking. From a careful study of these 21 million, *NR* is able to reveal the following:

1. No one outside the inner circles of the Soviet and Chinese Communist Parties, and quite possibly no one there, knows with any specificity what actually is going on, if anything.

2. The one fairly certain inference is that in both countries fierce struggles for the succession to the ageing and almost senile leaderships is under way.

3. It is not at all certain that any basic political issues of major significance to non-Communist nations are at stake in this struggle. It may quite possibly be, as many such struggles have been throughout history, simply a personal battle, with political issues dragged in only as cloaks and supplements to the naked will to power and prestige.

When a Story Is Not a Story

Ever since the ouster of Salvador Allende, Chile's Marxist President, leftists have been charging that the United States was directly responsible for his ouster and death. No assertion was too outlandish. Gabriel García Márquez, writing in *Harper's*, said that his sources in Chile told him that "a team of American aerial acrobats" was responsible for the pinpoint bombing of Allende's Moneda Palace.

In an interview with the *Village Voice*, Seymour Hersh, Pulitzer Prize winning reporter of the Mylai massacre and the man on the *New York Times* who takes credit for the story of the CIA's involvement in domestic spying, talked about his own research into the charge of direct American involvement in the overthrow. Hersh admitted that he had a bias; he was "unconsciously inclined to think" that the CIA was "totally responsible" for Allende's overthrow. But his investigations turned up no evidence to support his bias: "I spent an incredible amount of work—dozens of interviews—

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digging into a number of allegations by a number of people that the American military was directly involved in the overthrow of Allende. I did a lot of work and I couldn't find it. It's just not true; in other words, it's not there. I'm not going to write that story; it's gone, kaput."

Interesting, isn't it, the stories Hersh is inclined to investigate? What's more, when a story doesn't develop the way Hersh expects, he doesn't write about it. It would have been news if he had discovered that U.S. pilots had bombed Moneda Palace. Unable to find it, he drops it and moves on to seek other CIA enormities.

Out of the Closet

Seven Nobel Prize winners have issued a resolution stating that in view of the crises of New Deal reforms, "the liberalism of the mass democratic Left must turn now in a much more socialist direction." They could not have given the resolution much independent thought, since it is a word for word copy from an earlier *Nation* article by Michael Harrington. Still, the idea is spreading that the failure of government intervention calls for infinitely more government intervention. At Harvard's economics department, which is burdened with a significant share of responsibility for recent policy blunders, trial balloons about comprehensive government planning (with Harvard advisers, of course) have been launched by Wassily Leontief, Otto Eckstein, Kenneth Arrow, and John Kenneth Galbraith. "I have always been a socialist," said Galbraith in a London *Times* interview. "My rule has always been to vote in the United States for the person most realistically as far left as possible."

Emboldened by such candor in academia, a few heretofore wishy-washy journals and journalists have also gotten into this socialist revival, though some dance around the word with an agility that would do justice to the Artful Dodger. Richard Goodwin, in *The New Yorker*, considers price controls the last chance for the "free" (controlled) market. "If controls are tried, and do not lead to the restoration of the economic process," writes Goodwin, "the failure will be evidence that our difficulties are not caused by remediable malfunctions but are a consequence of irreversible historical developments."

The Progressive regressed a bit, and published an article advocating socialism as a cure for "monopoly, inequality, and imperialism." The authors, James Crotty and Ruford Boddy, favor "an egalitarian society wherein production is for use rather than profit, and decisions are collectively made by workers, not bosses."

Pete Hamill, in the *Village Voice*, wants to "mount a media campaign to bring the word socialism out of the closet." He favors "an American socialism . . . one that accounts for and celebrates our diversity, our basic frontier anarchism, our parallel strain of deep conservatism . . . And it should be possible to build such a socialism without surrendering the Constitution or the Bill of Rights." From this description, it might be supposed that individuals—or at least majorities—would be able to celebrate their diversity by, say, choosing cars rather than buses, or choosing to work as food distributors. But Hamill already has most such details planned in advance. The "anarchist" and "conservative" government would control everything but personal services ("there is no reasonable way to nationalize personal services"), the media, and retailing of whatever the government decides to produce. The problem of "profit-crazy American farmers" is to be met by reorganizing agriculture "on a cooperative basis, to eliminate the middleman." Welfare can be abolished because "everyone must work." "Nationalizing the defense industry," says Hamill, "would also make it possible, at a later date, to eliminate it completely." An unkind reader suggested that "Pete Hamill shouldn't have a hard time making socialism respectable—he has already made imbecility respectable."

Live Free or Die

Understanding New Hampshire's senatorial contest is simple once you get the hang of it. In the beginning the forces of darkness in one party and the forces of light in the other chose, respectively, the two major candidates. Then the editorialists and pundits made their choices, followed by the voters, who chose the winner and the loser. Which having been done last November in New Hampshire, the Recounters recounted to the good citizens (who through it all preferred to live free or die) that not enough of them had cast uncontroversial ballots, notwithstanding statutes prescribing fifty feet between the place of polling and the nearest controversy, and that the winner, whom those living free or dying from having to pay their own way had chosen, was actually the loser and the loser the winner by a respectable ten-vote margin. Whereupon the gentlemen of the State Ballot Law Commission, finding several errata in some X-rated ballots, proclaimed that the winner was in fact not the loser—a dubious distinction that belonged, they claimed, to the loser—but was the winner after all, by an equally respectable two-vote margin,

Visit Scandinavia. Soon.

From Greenland's icy mountains
  To Norway's bleak North Cape,
Down through the Kattegat, where once
  Lord Nelson blocked escape;
Across the brackish Baltic
  And on to Finland's shore,
The Russian navy's admirals
  Are marching as to war.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Petty, *The Australian* Rothco

any two New Hampshireites being as respectable as any ten others (R I P Jeremy Bentham). The controversy went, fast as a tax dollar, to Washington where the senators, all of them winners but many of them losers, believe the Constitution makes them the ultimate judges of elections, returns, and qualifications of their fellow members. Back in New Hampshire meanwhile the legislature passed a special bill authorizing an equally special reelection should the Senate declare the seat vacant, which it might do if it decides it ought to examine all ballots that are questionably controversial instead of only those that are unquestionably controversial. At which point at least one person will appeal to the Supreme Court, which will decide that the Constitution, strictly speaking, doesn't mean what it says about the Senate being the ultimate judge. And that anyway, because the very existence of the Senate violates the one man/one vote rule required by the Constitution, the Senate should be and by these presents hereby is: absolved.

Vivien Kellems, R I P

Several years ago, at a David Frost taping in New York, distinguished guests were stacked up like planes over La Guardia Airport in a winter storm. Sitting beside mine host, upright in an easy swivel chair, one toe just about touching the floor, was a beautifully groomed petite fireball of a woman, Vivien Kellems of East Haddam, Connecticut, 75 years old. It was a chance of a lifetime. Here was the national audience she had yearned for, and she took it. It was Vivien Kellems front and center, putting on a performance which for wit, for lucidity, for sheer showmanship was hard to touch. Frost knew he had a winner, and he let her rip while the other guests, busy people all, watched intently, empathized with her, if not with her cause necessarily, applauded the performance, and urged her on, which urging she needed not.

It would be pleasant to report that that was the turning point in the long career of Vivien Kellems *v.* the Federal Tax Collector. But, in fact, Miss Kellems lost her last battle as she had lost numbers of earlier ones. At this point in her career she had just billed the government for $76,000 in federal income taxes which she claimed represented "illegal taxes" extracted from her, a single person paying the higher single person rate, over a twenty year period, plus, being Miss Kellems, 6 per cent interest. She never got her back taxes, but under her prodding a national organization was born to lobby for more equitable tax treatment of the unmarried, divorced, separated, and widowed.

Years earlier, in 1948, she had taken on the Treasury by refusing to withold income taxes from the employees in her factory on the grounds that this amounted to involuntary servitude and was unconstitutional; that the Federal Government was requiring her to act as a tax collector without remuneration. For a while she got her employees to pay their taxes, weekly, by money order so that they would be conscious of how much of their pay was going to Washington. This, the Feds couldn't put up with. Suppose everyone else stopped withholding taxes! So they attached her bank account, and in due course, in order to stay in business, not without considerable kicking and screaming, Miss Kellems was brought to order. But the $6,000 in fines, taken from her bank account, was ultimately returned when a sympathetic jury refused to find that she had acted "willfully" in fighting the withholding tax. Miss Kellems ran for office a number of times—once she even took on the formidable Clare Boothe Luce—and lost every single race. But she never gave up. She never became bitter. She never lost her humor. And she was still fighting the citizens' battle against the publican when she succumbed to pneumonia in a Los Angeles hospital a week ago. She was 78 years old.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On page 1268 of *NR* [Nov. 8, 1974], headed "For the Record," you suggest that "diligent reporters [are] trying to find out who funded the Century 21 Publishing Company which surfaced just long enough in 1964 to bring out one book, a hatchet job called *Goldwater: A Political Indictment*."

While those reporters are at it, I hope they'll address the subject of your possible involvement in the Lasky-Rockefeller-Goldberg book. I may have missed your own comments on the subject, but the present impression I have from news reports down here is that you, as chair-

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man of the board of Arlington House, condoned at least by silence the acceptance of a subsidized book for publication. The only difficulty I have in accepting this is implicit in what I think to be your character: I don't see you helping any Rockefeller do a hatchet job even on a Democrat. Had you no knowledge that the book was a plant?

I think you should clear the air in an early issue of *NR*.

Sincerely,
Thomas A. Farrell
New Orleans, La.

Dear Mr. Farrell: I had no knowledge of the existence of the book until it was brought up in connection with Mr. Rockefeller's nomination. Yours, —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On page 195 of your otherwise important book, *Inveighing We Will Go*, you have committed the following sin, and I quote: "The annual per capita income is approximately $75 per person."

Now, my muses will grant you a plenary indulgence (my entreaties to the contrary notwithstanding) only if you publish an act of contrition in *NR*, *in Latin*, and provide this stillborn sentence with a decent burial, for everyone to see, read, and understand (hopefully, since it must be in Latin).

But enough of the opsimathy, which is in no way to be interpreted as a case of *spretae injuria formae*.

Best,
Frank B. Hall
Newtown Square, Pa.

Dear Mr. Hall: Ah, the high price of ravished Ganymede! —WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Re your column on the decline of the Catholic liturgy (*NR*, Jan. 31), the most pressing recollection at the latest, last week, was of better retreats. Hang on now, I'm not about to launch into lamentations about current enormities. I'm beyond that vale into the next plateau which is labeled Holy Hilarity (Unholy?). Place yourself among our little band of sinners, anticipating a silent retreat with a traditionally oriented priest recently returned from missionary endeavors. We perceived his absence from the American Church to be his strongest recommendation. We figured anyone swatting tsetse flies and fighting jungle rot could not be reading Chardin or Garry Wills. Lo, he materialized, in clerical garb! Our pulses quickened. He then sat down, at which time his trousers slid up to reveal socks which can only be described as lurid yellow. From that moment on it was difficult to achieve a spiritual focus, rather like trying to enjoy *coq au vin* to the sounds of distant retching. Regardless the iron will, there is terrible displacement. Well, to proceed, Father announced his rehabilitation to California consisted of courses in psychology and that he had come to learn (from Dell or the chancery, I forget which) that you can't love God if you don't first and emphatically love yourself. (Wrong. The times I've loved God most have been exactly those times which I could scarcely stomach my own transgressions and marveled at His unfailing love. But never mind reality.)

We were launched on Self Love, the skipper uninterested in a gaping hole below deck foretelling certain doom. Our first port of call was the chapel, where he instructed us to get really comfy. Several penitents kicked their shoes off and snuggled into the naugahyde Laz-E-Boy rockers which replaced the pews lost in the purge with Friday fish. We were to close our eyes as Father chanted the litany. No, not that litany. An anatomic litany. But it began teasingly: "Think of your souls [sudden hope] as you feel them pressing into the carpet [Thud.] . . . Now think of your ankles. How firm they are! Feel them with your mind . . . Now move your thoughts up to your calves . . . Feel their curving, fleshy roundness." By the time he got to our knees I began to experience certain anxiety. The sun set; the vigil light flickered, the soft—I may say sensuous—voice continued. The woman next to me wiggled her toes. A large crucifix, ignored, hung above the retreatmaster. "Now let us feel our . . ." One sucks in one's breath. He opted for buttocks. And I leave you there, 35 women in the hushed dark chapel contemplating buttocks, hopefully their own. I cannot speak for the priest.

There is more to the story, but I just wanted to whet your appetite, to point out the mystical highlights, as it were. One further enrichment to assist you in more deeply plumbing the mysteries of the Rosary: in lieu of mere recitation, pretty dull fare for us relevant types, we were urged to role play, to engage in simulation games. Alas, I have low blood pressure, and simultaneous to that announcement I happened to topple over, five devoted friends fighting to bear me out. When I staggered back, volunteers were extemporizing on the Joyful, and I caught this from Erna Troxell, who years ago left everything in Germany but took her accent: "Mary must haf been scared becauss she vas nut merried, but she vas pregnant. She vent to zee her cousin and dey laughed and cried, becauss dey vas bot' in der same boat." Not even the commander of the *Graf Spee* launched a torpedo with such devastating effect. I was hit amidships, totaled. So much for Spiritual Elevation, Fall '74.

Sacrilegiously yours,
Mrs. D. W. Smith
Atherton, California

■ From *The Phoenix* (Boston): "The May issue of their [the John Birch Society's] magazine, *American Opinion*, contains a complicated article on conspiracy, 'The Presidency and Political Assassination,' by Medford Evans. Evans is William F. Buckley Jr.'s brother-in-law, but that is another story."

Not only another story, another world. **—WFB**

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From Russell To Kennedy

THE "REVOLUTION" in the House of Representatives, like most modern revolutions (as advocated, not as practiced), is a revolution in (to use the modern argot) "consciousness." But it is no less consequential for being that. On the contrary, as a matter of constitutional fact, all that ever stands between Congress and domination of the government is Congress' lack of the will to dominate it.

Constitutionally, Presidents can veto bills. But as Mr. Ford well knows, Congress can bat vetoes back at Presidents. Presidents can nominate ambassadors, and the Senate can refuse to confirm his nominees. Presidents can nominate Supreme Court justices. But as Mr. Ford may learn to his sorrow (in the unlikely event that the ailing Justice William Douglas decides to resign before 1976) the Senate can refuse to confirm Supreme Court nominees. The crucial committee for Court appointments is Judiciary, more about which anon.

The well publicized "revolution" in the House, which replaced three of 33 committee chairmen, and the much less publicized but far more consequential upheaval in the Senate are important primarily because they indicate the emergence of a fighting spirit which, when it stops manifesting itself in spirited intraparty fights, will make Congress, for the first time in decades, part of the ruling class.

The changes in the House reflect broad, deep-seated, and long-standing dissatisfactions with certain *forms* of government—with the way certain House committees have conducted business. The changes seem to have more ideological significance than they in fact have. True, they probably could not have taken place without the infusion of 75 new and predominantly liberal and younger than average Members. But the changes reflect forces that had been bubbling and building for years.

But across the Capitol Building, in the Senate, the significant changes were in the composition, not the chairmanship, of key committees. The changes all have to do with a power struggle within the Democratic Party. The changes in the Senate are far more likely than the changes in the House to produce changes in the government's substantive policies. And the changes in the Senate are not primarily the result of inexorable long term pressures, but of a skillful politician's ability to see and seize a golden political opportunity. The politician is Senator Edward Kennedy, and what he did has been explained perfectly by one of the veterans of the Senate press corps, Spencer Rich of the *Washington Post*:

> [Kennedy] mustered a liberal coalition that dealt a terrific beating to conservatives when the Party's steering committee handed out committee assignments recently.
>
> Demonstrating an ability and force long expected but never quite achieved before, Kennedy thoroughly studied the rules, traditions, and mathematical formulas governing appointments by the 19-member [Democratic] Steering Committee.
>
> Then he proceeded to grab most of the juiciest new committee slots for liberals and freshmen, and whipped a move by his old rival Robert C. Byrd (W. Va.) [who in 1971 unseated Kennedy as Democratic Whip] to seat the deeply conservative James A. Allen (Ala.) on the Judiciary Committee, which handles civil rights and criminal code legislation, and bills on abortion, busing, school prayer, and constitutional amendments.

Instead of to Allen, the vacant Democratic seat on Judiciary went to James Abourezk, the more liberal of the two senators from South Dakota. When Byrd suggested that the Steering Committee seat Allen by creating a new seat on Judiciary, his proposal lost on a 9 to 9 tie vote. When Byrd pressed for reconsideration, Kennedy threatened to take the matter before the Democratic Caucus—all 61 senators. Byrd threw in the towel: he knows that the Democratic Steering Committee, which is too liberal for his liking, is less liberal than the Democratic membership.

The Steering Committee was not opposed to creating new committee seats when it suited liberal purposes to do so. After awarding the only open seat on the Finance Committee (which considers tax, tariff, some welfare, and most economic legislation) to the liberal Floyd Haskell (Colo.), the Steering Committee created a new seat and gave it to the even more liberal William Hathaway (Maine). The Steering Committee placed two freshman liberals, Gary Hart (Colo.) and John Culver (Iowa) on the Armed Services Committee, then created a new seat and gave it to a third freshman, Patrick Leahy (Vt.).

The Old Order Passes

The packing—and that was what it was—of the Armed Services Committee was just one of two stunning setbacks suffered by Committee Chairman John Stennis (Miss.) in the turbulent opening days of the 94th Congress. The Democratic Caucus decided not to rely on the Armed Services Committee and the Appropriations Committee to investigate the current allegations against the FBI and CIA. Instead, the Caucus voted 45 to 7 to create a Watergate-type select committee to do the investigating. The vote came after an impassioned plea by Stennis not to create such a committee. An impassioned Stennis is a wonder to behold and, in other times, was a providential force to be accommodated, not resisted, let alone defeated. This time Stennis was not just defeated, he was routed.

The winner from all the conflict was Kennedy. A source described by reporter Rich as "a Kennedy nonadmirer" told Rich that "Kennedy utterly dominated the sessions. He had learned every nook and cranny of the rules we use for appointments." The losers, aside from Byrd and Stennis and McClellan, were two other Southern chairmen, James Eastland (Miss.) of Judiciary and Russell Long (La.) of Finance.

These events put paid to the old Senate, the one dominated by Southern Democrats, the most revered of whom was Richard Russell (Ga.). Russell died in 1971. His last act was to help Byrd beat Kennedy for the position of Democratic Whip. Russell's Senate died in 1975. □

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Point of No Return?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

ALVARO CUNHAL, leader of the Portuguese Communists, spent most of the past two decades in Prague. From there he ran the underground Portuguese party with the help of Soviet, Czech, and other East European agents and money. Cunhal's relations with the World Federation of Trade Unions, which has its headquarters in Prague, were particularly close. Last April a contingent of WFTU operatives arrived in Portugal along with Cunhal, a few days after the overthrow of Caetano. They set to work with the conviction that the proletariat really *was* going to be the key to the revolution this time, as classic Marxian doctrine prescribes but reality has seldom confirmed. They and the local Communists have been able to draw on the ample funds—believed to be averaging more than $10 million a month—that Moscow has been sending into Portugal.

Many workers were already organized into a government-controlled federation set up by the old regime. Its national leadership dissolved overnight, leaving the constituent unions on their own for a while. Many of these had already been infiltrated by Communists during the underground period. Now the Communists moved quickly to replace the old officials with their own people. In this way they got control of most of the old unions. They have also been recruiting new members and starting new unions in hitherto unorganized fields.

Showing the Flag

In this operation the Communists were there fustest with the mostest. The Socialists had only a feeble underground apparatus, and in any case Mario Soares and his colleagues, in the usual manner of socialists, were more involved with formal titles and posts than with the substance of power. Running around the world as foreign minister, Soares did not have much time to devote to the dull routine of grassroots trade union organization. In the last few months the Socialists and the left-centrists have been trying to make up for lost time.

A few weeks ago the Communists judged the critical moment had arrived for a preventive attack to abort this Socialist thrust and assure Communist domination of the entire trade union movement. As means thereto they proposed *Unicidade*: a single, unified labor confederation to control all Portuguese labor unions. Its structure will be a triumph of revolutionary democracy. The leadership will be elected by majority vote of the constituent unions: that is to say, in the existing circumstances, will be Communist. Through *Unicidade*, the Communist Party will command Portugal's organized working class.

The Socialists and the allied Popular Democratic Party (PPD) understood what the Communists were up to. They declared opposition to *Unicidade* both publicly and within the provisional government, which is a united front of the three main parties (Socialist, PPD, Communist) and seven nominees of the Armed Forces Movement (MFA), with the leftist general, Vasco Gonçalves, who replaced General Spínola last September, as premier.

Cunhal did not choose to let the issue become a subject for prolonged public debate. He ordered his proletarian army to show the flag—the red flag, that is. On January 12 several hundred thousand workers under Communist leadership took over the streets of Lisbon.

Although the decision on *Unicidade* was nominally up to the provisional government, it would in fact be made by the Coordinating Committee of the MFA, which has been ruling Portugal since April. The Committee had postponed action after a meeting on January 2. On the 14th it declared for *Unicidade*: i.e., lined up with the Communists. On the preceding day the Socialists and Popular Democrats had threatened to resign if the MFA endorsed the Communist position. Again in the usual manner of socialists and centrists, their threats, when confronting a hard line, evaporated into rhetoric.

This Communist victory in and over the trade union movement is now added to virtual control of the press through Communist infiltration of both the editorial and production staffs.

However, the Communists face one possible embarrassment: the majority of the Portuguese do not like them. The MFA promised elections to a constituent assembly by April of this year. Polls indicate the Communists will do badly. Not surprisingly, the Communists have proposed a postponement of the election. The MFA, so far, has refused. The Communists are meanwhile trying to improve their electoral outlook by two familiar devices: 1) fielding an innocent sounding electoral front—the Portuguese Democratic Movement (MDP), founded in the first flush of April as a Socialist-PPD-Communist coalition, but later abandoned to the Communists; 2) rigging the vote by getting control of local election boards.

Nevertheless, the Communists will get only a minority, and an unimpressive minority, if the election is even halfway honest. This would create a dialectical contradiction between Communist weakness as measured by the polls and Communist strength as measured by the levers of social power.

The Portuguese situation would thus be analogous to the situation the Russian Bolsheviks confronted in October 1917. Portuguese Communists will not need to be reminded how the Bolsheviks resolved the contradiction: dissolution of the Constituent Assembly by force, and seizure of power.

Chance for Postponement

The showdown cannot be avoided, but two factors work for postponement. 1) If the Communists appear as the aggressors in Portugal, this would frighten non-Communists in Italy and France and might thereby wreck the united front strategy pursued in those countries, which are bigger fish for the Communist pot. 2) Both the intentions and the strength of the armed forces are obscure. The MFA is dominated by radical officers who have been playing along with the Communists. But Egypt and Peru have taught us that radical officers are not necessarily Communist officers. The Communists may figure they are not yet ready to risk an action in which they might find themselves fighting the MFA.

The decision will not be made in Portugal. □

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VIETNAM

1

The Shape of Reform

JAMES C. ROBERTS

LATE LAST YEAR, following my return from a ten-day visit to South Vietnam, I had lunch with an official in the South Vietnamese mission in Washington. Uncharacteristically somber, he said, "I'm afraid South Vietnam is about to enter a period of great political instability." The balance of his assessment was equally sobering, although he did become guardedly optimistic toward the end: "It is very late, but I think there is still time to save the country."

The political instability he predicted has now materialized, and South Vietnam, for so long relegated to the inside pages of the papers, has been on page one again—not only because of the escalation in military activity but because of the wave of demonstrations that is now sweeping the country.

Already beset by staggering economic problems (caused mainly by the rapid U.S. withdrawal and the attendant collapse of the supporting service industry) and confronting a perilous military situation (the result of the North Vietnamese buildup and the reduction of U.S. aid), the hard-pressed Thieu government must now deal with a fullblown political crisis.

In recent months Saigon and other cities have been the scene of large and growing rallies—of reporters protesting government censorship, deputies in the National Assembly condemning Thieu's alleged suppression of the opposition, Buddhists calling for an immediate end to hostilities, Catholics demanding an immediate end to government corruption, and militants in all these factions calling for Thieu's resignation.

In the last few weeks, news of political ferment has been eclipsed by an upsurge in fighting that has seen the North Vietnamese overrun the provincial capital of Phuoc Binh and threaten other cities closer to Saigon. However, although it has largely been supplanted in the press by this deepening military crisis, political unrest continues to simmer in South Vietnam.

THE combination of all these problems presents South Vietnam with a challenge as great in its own way as the 1968 Tet offensive or the 1972 Easter invasion. Many observers, in fact, believe that South Vietnam is entering its period of greatest peril and that the Thieu government's performance will be an indicator of the country's capacity for long term survival.

I happened to be in South Vietnam as the crisis was

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brewing and I took advantage of the opportunity to talk to some of the key figures, including leaders of the militant Buddhists and the Catholic Anti-Corruption Movement, members of the political opposition and antigovernment reporters, as well as many government officials. I came away without any startling insight but with a renewed appreciation of South Vietnam as a complex nation that defies facile description. Issues that seem clearly drawn in Washington tend to blur upon contact with Saigon, and firmly held *a priori* moral judgments tend to lose their edge when placed in the context of South Vietnamese realities.

Two of the more overwrought complaints in the recent protests involve alleged suppression of the press and the political opposition. The Hanoi lobby in this country would have us believe that South Vietnam is a ruthless police state —sort of a Southeast Asian outpost of the Gulag Archipelago. It isn't that way really.

Take the South Vietnamese press, for instance, whose members are portrayed by Senator Kennedy and others as a hunted, haggard lot forced to eke out a subsistence living chiseling their anti-Thieu manifestos on the walls of Saigon's catacombs.

Not quite. Of 15 Vietnamese-language newspapers in Saigon, three are progovernment, three are opposition, five are independent, one is Catholic, and the rest are "sensationalist." The opposition press criticizes Thieu roundly and regularly, with daily denunciations of him running the gamut from editorials bemoaning his incompetence to political ads detailing his alleged complicity in the heroin trade.

This isn't to say that the president maintains a hands-off policy. He doesn't, and editions that carry articles regarded as particularly obnoxious are often seized. But speaking from experience as a reporter in Mexico—where criticism of the president is *not* permitted in the press—I can say that there is considerable freedom of the press in South Vietnam. Given that the country is locked in a struggle for survival with 250,000 enemy troops within its borders, the degree of press freedom permitted is, in fact, nothing short of astonishing.

THERE IS, similarly, a thriving political opposition in South Vietnam: 19 of the 60 senators and 58 of the 158 members of the lower house belong to the opposition. Members of the National Assembly are granted parliamentary immunity which permits them unbridled criticism of the government—a privilege many of them exercise with gleeful abandon.

The main criticism of Thieu concerns Decree 69, which he promulgated in 1972. The decree established tough qualifications for recognition as a political party, which had the effect of putting the country's 22 opposition parties out of business—leaving the field to Thieu's Democracy Party. Under heavy pressure from the opposition, Thieu eased these restrictions. In the meantime seven minor parties have united to form the Social Democratic Alliance, and they are now close to meeting the criteria necessary to qualify for next year's presidential elections. The opposition's main problem, however, is its continued fragmentation and the lack of a candidate of national stature, not government repression.

The main issue in South Vietnam today, though, is corruption. It is a problem that plagues the Thieu government, embarrasses its American supporters, and delights the Hanoi lobby, who list it as a close second to "fascist repression" in their litany of Thieu's crimes.

Some mitigating factors should be kept in mind when considering corruption in Vietnam. Corruption is a broad term that encompasses all sorts of practices, such as nepotism and the conferral of favors, that would be called patronage in this country. In addition, salaries in Vietnam are extraordinarily low, with generals making the equivalent of $100 per month and cabinet ministers $200 a month. This invites takes on the side.

Many observers expect the attack to come early this year; others think next fall more likely

DURING THE American presence all levels of South Vietnamese society prospered. Government officials were especially well placed to make money and they still are. The worsening economic situation has made this profiteering more noticeable and more resented.

Corruption is widespread in Asia—a fact that I mention not to justify corruption in South Vietnam, but rather to help place it in proper perspective. For instance, the same day the *Saigon Post* carried a story about anticorruption rallies scheduled for Saigon it also ran the headline "Thousands March in New Delhi to Protest Corruption." A recent article in *Vietnam Report* magazine explained that corruption—and particularly black marketeering—is a serious problem in North Vietnam. (It has been estimated that one-third of all goods sold in North Vietnam is sold on the black market.)

Some days later I talked to three Vietcong defectors who had spent several years in North Vietnam. One recounted instances of trains coming across the Chinese border and being stopped by officials with false papers who had the entire cargo offloaded and sold illegally. All of which is not to make light of the corruption in South Vietnam. It *is* a serious problem that requires urgent attention—as even government officials freely admit. Corruption is probably most widespread in the armed forces, mainly because the military is the country's most powerful institution. "Phantom soldiers"—bogus names—are listed on the paymaster's roll and on payday the salaries are pocketed by the miscreant commanding officers.

Rice distribution is another temptation. Enlisted men in the army are given 200 piasters per day (about 30¢) with which to buy food. Much of this must of necessity go for rice, but the allotment is not sufficient to purchase it on the open market. The military therefore buys rice and sells it to the soldiers at a reduced price. Sometimes part of this

Mr. Roberts, Capitol Hill Director of the American Conservative Union, was a reporter for The News, *the English language daily in Mexico.*

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rice is siphoned off in the supply system and sold on the black market. Thus, the troops can't get sufficient rice through the military channels and do not have enough money to buy it on the outside. The result is decreased morale and efficiency.

SOUTH VIETNAM'S provincial administration also lends itself to corruption in that the province chief is both commander of the province's regional military forces and head of civil administration. This dual role obviously confers great power, and the position is widely sought and—it is said—frequently bought. Once in power, the province chief is free to use—and abuse—the power of taxation. All too many do abuse it by imposing heavy or multiple taxes on the rice harvests. Widespread corruption is reported in the sale of fertilizers.

The province chiefs are beholden to the military region (MR) commanders on whom they must depend for air support or regular army assistance in the event of large scale attack. If an MR commander is corrupt, his province chiefs are apt to be, too.

The Catholic Anti-Corruption Movement led by Father Tran Huu Thanh, an elderly Redemptorist priest with impeccable anti-Communist credentials, has made corruption its target. Father Thanh dresses in sandals and a tattered cassock, even to greet visitors, and comes on like a low-key Jeremiah, his only apparent concession to the temptations of the flesh being the cheap cigarettes which he chain-smokes.

"When the Americans were here everyone had money," Father Thanh says, "so corruption wasn't so noticeable. But with our present economic problems the people notice it and they resent it."

Corruption is a broad term that encompasses all sorts of practices, such as nepotism and the conferral of favors, that would be called patronage in this country

Father Thanh contends that he is first and foremost an anti-Communist. The ongoing corruption is intolerable, he says, because it demoralizes the soldiers, disillusions the populace, and weakens the country's ability to defend itself against the North Vietnamese.

"Exposing the corruption of individual army officers or government officials is futile," he contends, "so we have decided to start at the top—by focusing on President Thieu."

There is nothing fuzzy about the focus. The Catholics have issued a six-point indictment listing allegations of corruption on the part of the President and his family in such diverse fields as rice distribution, fertilizer sales, and real estate bonanzas.

"President Thieu knows that he cannot suppress the Anti-Corruption Movement because the American government would cut off aid," Father Thanh says. "We have therefore put him in a position where he must take action against corruption in order to save himself."

Although less vocal at present than the Catholics, the militant United Buddhist Congregation, headquartered at Saigon's An Quang Pagoda, is possibly a greater threat to the government. This faction was instrumental in the campaign to overthrow President Diem and, if it decides to embark on a similar campaign now, it could be a real threat to the stability of the Thieu regime.

The official spokesman of the United Buddhists, the monk Thich Quang Do, told me that his group has a three-point manifesto that declares: 1) war is the cause of all South Vietnam's problems, including corruption; 2) peace is therefore the first priority; 3) anyone who is an obstacle to peace should remove himself from power.

Although "anyone" may sound vague, it is pretty clear that in the Buddhists' view President Thieu fits the bill. Lest any nagging doubt remain on this point, the North Vietnamese moved forward to clarify it, announcing soon after publication of the manifesto that they would no longer negotiate with President Thieu—thereby certifying his credentials as chief obstacle on the road to peace.

LAST October, in response to these attacks, President Thieu went on television to speak to the corruption issue. While he refuted the charges involving him and his family, he did acknowledge the gravity of the problem and he announced the beginning of a drive to eradicate corruption in the armed forces in one month and in the government in three months. He also promised a more tolerant attitude toward the press and the easing of restrictions on opposition parties.

Given Thieu's cautious nature, most observers discounted his timetable as mere rhetoric. That was not to be the case, however. Moving with uncharacteristic decisiveness he took three sweeping steps. On October 24 he fired four cabinet ministers: Hoang Duc Nha, Minister of Information; Nguyen Duc Cuong, Minister of Trade and Industry; Dan That Trinh, Minister of Agriculture; and Chau Kim Nham, Minister of Finance.

On October 25 he announced the dismissal of 377 military officers of the rank of colonel and below, and on October 31 he replaced three of the four military region commanders—Generals Nguyen Van Toan, Pham Quoc Thuan, and Nguyen Vinh Nghi, Commanders of MR II, III, and IV respectively.

The removal of the Ministers of Trade and Industry, Finance, and Agriculture was seen as a largely symbolic gesture made to underscore Thieu's determination to turn the economic situation around. (As a practical matter, however, the economy is not going to improve in the near future, regardless of who occupies those posts.)

The replacement of Nha, however, *is* significant. As Thieu's cousin and confidant and as Minister of Information, Nha was a powerful figure in the South Vietnamese government. His dismissal can be seen as a serious effort on Thieu's part to placate Nha's numerous critics in the press, who had criticized him for his heavy-handed tactics. It also indicates Thieu's responsiveness to the criticisms of his opponents.

The replacements in the military were also significant,

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especially the dismissal of the three military region commanders. General Toan and General Nghi in particular were characterized as corrupt and inefficient by many both in and out of the government.

Whether these changes will be enough to placate Thieu's critics remains to be seen. Father Thanh, for one, has said that a mere change in personnel is not sufficient, that a change in policy is needed: a change that will produce a government and military cleaned of corruption, tolerant toward the opposition and the press, and broadly based on the non-Communist elements in the country.

IT WOULD SEEM that President Thieu has demonstrated responsiveness and good faith and a willingness to reform. The measures he has taken cut deep into the government and the military and they will be significant in their impact. It is to be hoped that the Catholics will now pull back and allow the situation to stabilize. Further pressure now would seriously weaken South Vietnam's political stability, at a time when the enemy has gone on the offensive militarily.

For his part President Thieu would be wise to meet with Father Thanh directly for the purpose of establishing a rapprochement. He is unwilling to do this, but it is something, nevertheless, that should be done. Ambassador Graham Martin could be of great assistance in bringing both sides together. Given the unfortunate precedent of U.S. complicity in the coup against Diem, Martin is understandably unwilling to do this—and the U.S. Embassy has therefore adopted a hands-off policy.

The Hanoi lobby in this country would have us believe that South Vietnam is a ruthless police state—sort of a Southeast Asian outpost of the Gulag Archipelago. It isn't that way really

Another stabilizing force could be the Archbishop of Saigon. He is a modest, moderate man with no real interest in politics. He has tacitly endorsed the Anti-Corruption Movement's goals, however, and has thus given the Church's sanction that allows Father Thanh to operate. At the same time, he is known to be disturbed at the prospect of widespread, violent riots and the chaos they would bring. It is very possible that he will take action to restrain the Catholic leaders of the Anti-Corruption Movement if he believes that they are tending toward excess.

Steady, low-key reform in a climate of stability is what South Vietnam needs now. Given that climate, the country can get on with straightening out the economy, countering the present Communist attacks, and preparing for a stepped-up offensive.

Many observers expect the attack to come early this year; others think next fall more likely. Some believe that Hanoi will wait to attack until it sees definite signs that the South Vietnamese government and economy are beginning to crumble; others believe that the North Vietnamese will attack if they see signs that the economy is beginning to strengthen. This group thinks the announcement on October 26 that oil had been discovered in South Vietnam's offshore region could have a direct bearing on the timing. Still others believe Hanoi will take its cue from what happens in Washington this spring. It will be watching to see how Congress reacts to President Ford's call for increased military aid to Saigon.

Whenever the offensive comes, it is likely to be a brutal blow to South Vietnam, leaving widespread death and devastation in its wake. In view of U.S. aid cutbacks, South Vietnam's chances of surviving this onslaught are problematical. I tend, perhaps, to be somewhat more optimistic than most. For one thing I am convinced that the vast majority of the South Vietnamese people do *not* want a Communist government; it is also my impression that the South Vietnamese government, despite its faults, is managed by an increasingly competent corps of young technocrats who are hard-working, intelligent, and dedicated, and that the armed forces, despite reverses, have steadily improved and are holding their own against the North Vietnamese. I also know that the South Vietnamese people have traditionally performed best when their backs were against the wall. They find themselves in that type of situation today and they have no illusions about it.

Yet, living day by day with the reality of war and the specter of annihilation, they manifest a cheerfulness and stoic courage that is altogether remarkable. They are willing to fight for their survival and they have a fighting chance.

What happens in Saigon now is all-important. Successful resistance to the Communists presupposes a strong government with broad support, effective armed forces, the reversal of economic decline, and adequate American assistance. These conditions in turn depend on a stabilized political situation. Again, I am cautiously optimistic. President Thieu has made some very significant personnel changes and has adopted a more tolerant attitude toward the opposition. These moves have had the effect of diffusing the opposition's strength. The demonstrations that do continue appear to be limited to small groups of rock throwers and loud but ineffectual extremists with little following.

THE FUTURE in South Vietnam itself, it would seem, rests largely in the hands of two very different and very influential men: President Nguyen Van Thieu and Father Tran Huu Thanh. Again I confess to a cautious optimism: I perceive Father Thanh to be a man of good will who is genuinely concerned about the survival of the South, and I consider President Thieu to be a true patriot, a politician of extraordinary ability, and a man of great resourcefulness and resilience who has shown an uncanny ability to survive.

Both men are realists. President Thieu knows that he cannot silence the Anti-Corruption Movement because to do so would mean the termination of U.S. aid. Father Thanh knows that he cannot afford seriously to weaken the government because to do so would invite chaos and a Communist takeover. Both men must compromise.

Although compromise is not a very attractive prospect to either, the alternative may be considerably less attractive: capitulation to Hanoi. □

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VIETNAM

2

A New Psywar Approach

JOHN SWANSON

CONDITIONS HAVE CHANGED considerably in respect to psychological warfare in Vietnam since the ceasefire of two years ago. Not only has the American military machine been dismantled, but Congress is drastically reducing aid to Saigon. New conditions require new tactics and, although what I'm advocating is not new in the physical sense—leaflets have been dropped on North Vietnam before—it is new in the psychological sense.

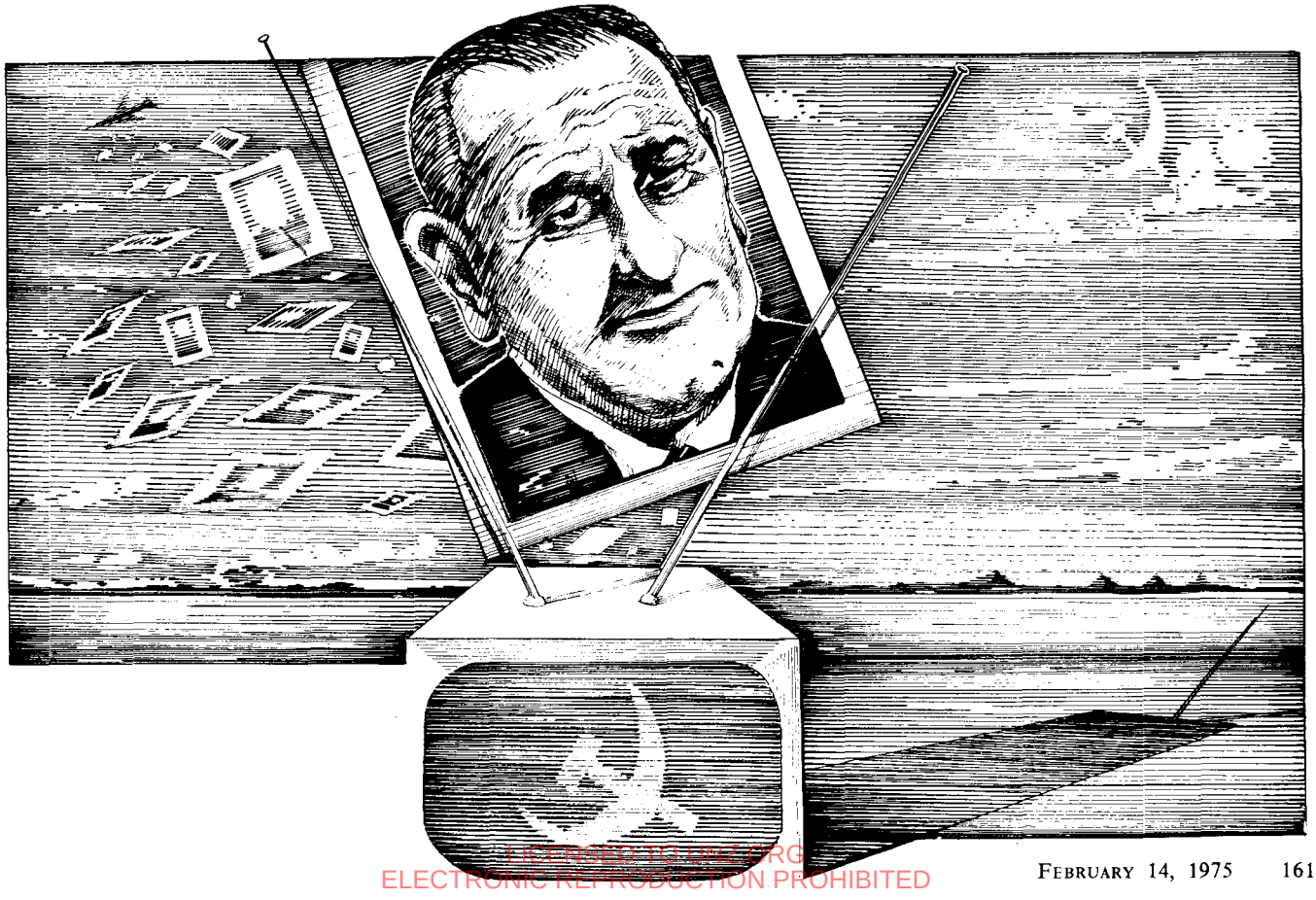
Previously, we Americans bombarded the North Vietnamese with pictures of then reigning American Presidents—LBJ in '65, RMN in '72. An example: in 1965, LBJ made his famous "TVA speech," in which, in effect, he advocated the turning of Southeast Asia into an Oriental Tennessee Valley. The TVA concept was regarded by some as a clever ploy to do duty as a pacifier for American liberals during the buildup of American forces in Vietnam. However, among those who also fell for the ploy were American psywar "experts" who proceeded to distribute the speech to the North Vietnamese.

Here is how it was reported in press dispatches from Saigon filed by Jack Langguth. "Propaganda leaflets, including copies of President Johnson's April 7 policy speech on Vietnam, will now be regularly dropped over the North, an American spokesman declared" (*New York Times*, April 15, 1965). "The quotations in the leaflets dropped on North Vietnam were printed with a photograph of President Johnson, looking stern but not unfriendly. . . . An American spokesman said the leaflet drops would be followed by further distributions of the President's speech" (*New York Times*, April 18, 1965).

Think of it! The TVA speech plus a photo of LBJ "looking stern but not unfriendly." And believe me, such stupidity was quite common in our psywar efforts in Indochina. (If you were a North Vietnamese soldier, would you surrender in response to "leaflets of poetry extolling peace"? Our psywar experts would have expected you to do so.)

It is uncensored communications that the Communists fear. For example, a technical advance known as Direct Television Broadcasting is on the horizon. Such a system would use earth satellites to beam television programs directly into homes, e.g., Western TV programs could be beamed into Russian homes without first being filtered through the censorship bureaus in Moscow. The prospect has the Commissars quaking, so much so that they are contemplating shooting down the satellites. In fact Foreign Minister Gromyko has proposed in the UN that "states may utilize the means at their disposal in order to counteract illegal direct television broadcasting of which they are the object, not only in their own territory but also in outer space and other areas beyond the limits of the national jurisdiction of any state."

The vividly illustrated propaganda leaflet is the functional



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equivalent of an uncensored TV news show in a closed society. And what I am advocating is an appeal to the intense nationalism of the North Vietnamese, an appeal to be made by the South Vietnamese, not the Americans. I am convinced that the massive and persistent dropping of propaganda leaflets over North Vietnam is of great importance to South Vietnam right now.

Communism is and has been the motivating force for Hanoi's leadership. Ho Chi Minh's will was written "in anticipation of the day when I go and join venerable Karl Marx, Lenin, and other revolutionary elders." But Communism has *not* been the motivating force for the average Vietnamese. Hanoi could not employ either religion or Communism to motivate the average Vietnamese. What it has used—and masterfully—is nationalism. As early as March 1950, Tillman Durdin, East Asian correspondent for the *New York Times*, wrote:

> With the defeat of the French, the Communists continued to exploit anti-Caucasian nationalism by replacing the French hobgoblin with the American. A *New York Times* dispatch datelined Haiphong, January 4, 1955 reports that North Vietnamese pupils over ten years old were organized by *canbos* (propaganda agents) into cells of five. "Each cell has a weekly work assignment and reports at the end of the week on 'group activities.' . . . Children under ten years must attend classes Saturday and Sunday under the supervision of girl *canbos*, who teach revolutionary songs and dances and violently anti-American political slogans."
>
> In South Vietnam, the Communists were also active with an anti-American propaganda campaign. Robert Trumbull, also with the *New York Times*, wrote from Saigon in May 1961: "The image of the vile foreigner, through clever Communist propaganda, has transferred successfully from the French to the Americans. Many Vietnamese villagers, according to the best authority, believe that not only the Ngo [Diem] government and the army but even the country's commercial life down to small shops are controlled by Americans for the aggrandizement of the United States in Asia. . . . One of the most significant considerations in all this, according to a view widely held here, is that only a relatively few of the insurgents are Communists."

In Vietnam passing reference is made to social and economic problems but the independence issue monopolizes attention. The Vietminh [the original Vietnamese Liberation movement], with its Communist inner core, has concentrated on the passionate, virtually psychopathic desire of the Vietnamese for an end to French colonial rule.

HANOI HAS in the past cleverly used the anti-Caucasian aspects of Vietnamese nationalism to win support in the South. But today the North Vietnamese are engaged in killing fellow Vietnamese, with nary an American in gunsight. This doesn't distress Hanoi's leaders, but it could distress the average Northerner if the facts of the war as it is now being waged were forcefully brought to his attention. And this is where psywar leaflets could effectively be used.

What the network news shows did to the American home front, their functional equivalent in a closed society—the vividly illustrated propaganda leaflet—can do to the North Vietnamese home front, viz., sap support for the war. Leaflets showing Communist atrocities against the South Vietnamese people along with people-to-people messages from Southern parents, children, soldiers, priests, et al. to the people of North Vietnam could cause unrest in North Vietnam. And even the expectation of unrest could cause Hanoi to pull its troops back up the Ho Chi Minh trail.

One of the simplest, most significant, and most ignored facts of the war illustrates this. It happened in Laos in October 1969: "Large numbers of North Vietnamese troops have unaccountably withdrawn from the strategic Plain of Jars, thereby easing a threat to northern Laos. . . . Withdrawals took place in southern and central regions, but on smaller scales. [Certain] Laotian military leaders and U.S. and other Western diplomats [believed] troops were called back to North Vietnam as precaution against possible internal unrest resulting from death of Ho Chi Minh" (AP, Vientiane).

The mere possibility of domestic unrest on its home front can cause Hanoi to recall troops from foreign battlefields. The time is ripe to demonstrate to the average North Vietnamese that the Americans have left Indochina and that he is killing his fellow Vietnamese for the cause not of nationalism but of Communism.

TWO EXAMPLES from Hanoi's '72 spring offensive against the South: 1) Pham Loc, an 18-year-old North Vietnamese soldier, captured early on in the offensive and asked why he fought against the South, replied: "The North and the South are one. Our struggle is against the Americans and their government in the South. . . . [South Vietnamese officials] only do what the Americans tell them." 2) A *New York Times* dispatch noted that NVA PFC Le Xuan Thuy, a 22-year-old defector, "indicated that the main reason for his defection was his revulsion over the ambush" of civilian men, women, and children as they fled from Quangtri during the offensive. Civilian men, women, and children were again ambushed a few weeks ago as they fled from the Phunc Binh province.

If the North Vietnamese people can only be disabused of the notion that they are fighting an anti-American war and graphically informed of the kind of war that is being waged against the Vietnamese of the South, serious morale problems for Hanoi could result.

Julie Nixon Eisenhower campaigning for her father in 1972 told antiwar demonstrators to write Hanoi and "ask *them* not to bomb civilians. They are deliberately bombing civilians."

While it would have been useless for Americans to write to Hanoi in the autumn of 1972, it would have been useful, very, very useful, if American psychological warfare experts had taken up the task of informing the North Vietnamese populace that the Communists were deliberately bombing civilians in the South. Unfortunately, American psywar "experts" were too busy in the autumn of '72 giving candy —yes, candy—to the North Vietnamese to bother informing them of the brutal facts of Communist aggression.

But even now it's not too late to use nationalism—so long Hanoi's favorite weapon—against Hanoi. □

Mr. Swanson is a graduate of Manhattan College, lives in Arlington, Massachusetts, and writes for the Conservative Bulletin of Massachusetts.

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AMERICAN INTEGRITY, R I P

Missing the Missing in Action

STEPHEN A. RUDLOFF

ITEM: *June 1962. Pomp and Circumstance. "The valedictorian of the graduating class will now address the student body."*

"Honored guests, faculty, parents, and fellow graduates . . ."

MEMORIES, as real as the day on which they occurred; once forgotten, but now recalled in a fleeting grasp at sanity. They are straws on a Lethean sea, the last connection with hopes and dreams, with love and joy, with life itself.

"Memories don't die, only men do; but a man lives so long as he is remembered. Who remembers me?"

ITEM: *October 1969. Marching; no music, just the pain of pounding fists and slashing boots. Another village ahead; will it never end?*

One man, stripped of the last vestige of human dignity; he lies huddled in a cell, lonely and afraid, while every movement of his body brings back the pain from seemingly endless beatings. For most Americans, life goes on as usual. It is a day at the office, Monday night football, or a trip to the beach. But for him, anxious moments are an eternity of fear; fear that the next sound he hears will be the unlocking of his cell, for the short march to yet another savage interrogation. Trembling, he may close his eyes in prayer, or stare at the ceiling, remembering a soft caress from a long departed night, or imagining the child he has never seen.

ITEM: *Saturday, January 27, 1973.* PEACE ACCORD SIGNED! POWs COMING HOME! Paris (UPI)—*Delegates from the United States, South and North Vietnam, and the PRG [Provisional Revolutionary Government] signed a peace treaty in Paris today, bringing to an end the longest war in our nation's history.*

When the Tonkin Gulf Resolution was passed, United States military forces were authorized to bomb strategic targets in North Vietnam, and to step up operations throughout the entire theater of war. In the decade that followed, thousands of young Americans shed their blood over Southeast Asia. Many came back with permanent disabilities.

After the fragile peace established in January 1973, over 1,300 Americans did not return. They are euphemistically referred to as MIAs (Missing in Action), but it would be more accurate to call them abandoned Americans; for in the 24 months that have passed since active U.S. military participation in Southeast Asia terminated, the list of MIAs remains tragically close to the 1,300 figure. For the most part, America's conscience lies dormant. The Congress is encumbered by one political crisis after another, and even the colloquialism MIA has begun to drift into that obscure graveyard reserved for expressions of a bygone era. And all the while, those 1,300 Americans remain shrouded in a grey mass of uncertainty, shapeless figures in a game of political expediency in which they were once knights and rooks, then pawns, and finally merely a fading blemish upon the integrity of a nation. January 27, 1973 passed them in the night.

"Today is like every other day."

ITEM: *"I will never forget that I am an American fighting man, responsible for my actions, and dedicated to the principles which made my country free. I will trust in my God* AND IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

—Article VI, the U.S. Fighting Man's Code

In signing the Executive Order that put the Code of Conduct for the Armed Forces into effect, the President of the United States declared: "No American prisoner of war will be forgotten by the United States. Every available means will be employed by our government to establish contact with, to support and obtain the release of all our prisoners of war." The late President, Lyndon Johnson, made no distinction between those POWs the enemy chose to release and those who were known to be held captive. He stated unequivocally, "all our prisoners of war." With all of America's fighting men, the President made a covenant of faith. But for America's MIAs in Southeast Asia the flame, if it still exists at all, has dwindled to a flicker.

"I will never forget . . . I will trust . . . I will never forget . . . I will trust . . . " The echo persists, but it is fading.

ITEM: *Tuesday, August 20, 1974.* VFW HEARS FORD PROPOSE LIMITED VIETNAM AMNESTY. Chicago (UPI)—*In a dramatic, last-minute addition to his speech, President Ford yesterday shocked a Veterans of Foreign Wars convention by proposing limited amnesty for Vietnam-era draft evaders and deserters willing to work for it.*

Impassioned pleas are made on behalf of those who deserted from the Armed Forces, or refused induction entirely. But what of those nearly 1,300 Americans who have already earned the right to come home? While the Communists cannot account for all of these men, to assume that they cannot account for any of them is absurd. Moreover, evidence exists to support the fact that many were captured alive, with no more than superficial injuries. These are the forgotten Americans, the men who sacrificed so much, and yet who ask for so little in return.

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

ITEM: *Tuesday, August 6, 1974.* SMOKEY'S FUNERAL RITES PLANNED. Washington (UPI)—*The House yesterday unanimously approved eventual funeral arrangements for Smokey the Bear. . . . After his death, he will be taken back to his birthplace near Capitan, N.M., for "proper disposition and a permanent memorial." The resolution now goes to the Senate.*

Let the dead bury their dead. The MIA has been "properly disposed of" by Congress and the people. His memory makes a fitting bier for the coffin of American integrity. Let his epitaph read BETRAYED. □

Lt. Rudloff, still on active duty with the Navy, flew 295 combat missions in Vietnam, spent nearly a year in a POW camp. He received the Silver Star for actions undertaken while a POW.

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A REJOINDER

Mr. Harris Cries Foul

LOUIS HARRIS

IN THE JUNE 21, 1974 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, Professor James Payne took me to task for asking a series of allegedly loaded questions on former President Nixon and Watergate and also on the late, unlamented Vietnam War. The thrust of Professor Payne's argument, alas, was that the Harris Survey had consistently loaded questions on these subjects with an anti-Nixon bias on impeachment and an anti-Thieu and pro-coalition-government bias on the Vietnam question.

On the impeachment question, which has now been settled, if not forgotten, in the pardon granted by President Ford, Professor Payne and NATIONAL REVIEW would undoubtedly have felt better about the balance of the Harris Survey had we asked projective questions about former President Nixon which read as follows:

"Do you tend to agree or disagree (READ LIST):

He is a man of high integrity.

He has been the victim of unfair attacks by the news media.

He is right to say it is more important for him to spend his time working for the country than to be trying to find out what happened in the Watergate affair.

He is trying to do his best in an almost impossible job.

He is being unfairly blamed for things his aides did, which he didn't know about."

The fact is that, over the last two years, the Harris Survey had asked all of the above questions, not once but, most importantly, on a trend basis over a long period of time. The results were quite revealing. Here are some of the highlights.

● "President Nixon is a man of high integrity" met with 63 to 24 per cent agreement back in May 1973, just after his late April explanation on television of Watergate events. By August of that year, it had slipped to 44 to 42 per cent agreement, and by September had fallen to 45 to 40 per cent disagreement. By January 1974, people disagreed, by 49 to 37 per cent, that Mr. Nixon was a "man of high integrity." And by June 1974, with 55 to 34 per cent, a majority now felt their President was not a "man of high integrity." In the space of 13 months, a 63 to 24 per cent endorsement of the former President's integrity had turned around to a 55 to 34 per cent doubt of his integrity.

● "President Nixon has been the victim of unfair attacks by the news media" was denied by a narrow 46 to 43 per cent margin in November 1973, by a narrower 45 to 44 per cent margin in February 1974, but by a somewhat wider 49 to 40 per cent margin in June 1974. A substantial minority of the public believed in the fairness of the press as well as the integrity of the President. But, despite the "loading" of the question, not once in the seven times the question was tested did a majority agree that the media had been unfair to Mr. Nixon.

● "President Nixon is right to say it is more important for him to spend his time working for the country than to try to find out what happened in the Watergate affair" was agreed to by 63 per cent of the public in May 1973, but by no more than 47 per cent by October 1973, after the Senate Watergate hearings.

● "He is trying to do his best in an almost impossible job" finds a 52 to 42 per cent majority who still felt that way in June 1974, no appreciable difference from the 56 to 36 per cent majority who felt that way in November 1973. President Nixon had consistently evoked sympathy in his efforts to cope with "an almost impossible job." An even higher 88 per cent expressed similar sympathy with President Johnson in October 1967, when his job rating hit its all-time low point of 32 per cent positive.

● "President Nixon is being unfairly blamed for things his aides did, which he didn't know about" was simply not agreed to by a 51 to 33 per cent majority in November 1973.

While the Harris Survey had asked such pro-Nixon projective questions on a consistent basis over the past two years or more, it had also asked a number of other projective questions which were anti-Nixon. Two will suffice to illustrate the trend lines on the other side of the coin:

● "President Nixon does not inspire confidence as a President should" met with disagreement by a 59 to 33 per cent majority back in September 1972, as well as by a 52 to 40 per cent majority in February 1973. By June 1973, however, the tide turned around, and by 53 to 33 per cent the public agreed that this President "did not inspire confidence as a President should." This majority went up to 65 to 29 per cent by last November, to 70 to 22 per cent by January 1974, and stood at 72 to 21 per cent by June 1974.

● "President Nixon has lost so much credibility it will be hard for him to be accepted as President again" met with 54 to 35 per cent agreement in May 1973. By September 1973 it had gone to 69 to 23 per cent agreement, by January 1974 to 76 to 19 per cent, and by June 1974 to 80 to 14 per cent. The 26-point rise in the number of people who doubted that the former President's damaged credibility could be repaired was significant by any standard.

THE inescapable conclusion from these results and from many other nonprojective questions we regularly asked was that former President Nixon was in deep trouble over Watergate with American public opinion long before his resignation. To cite just a few examples:

● The number who thought that "President Nixon knew about the attempt to cover up White House involvement in Watergate while it was going on" had risen from 50 per cent in May 1973 to 73 per cent in June 1974, while the number who thought "he did not know about the attempt to cover up White House involvement in Watergate while it was going on" dropped from 34 per cent to 17 per cent over the same 14-month period.

● From March to June of last year, the number of people who thought "President Nixon should be impeached by

Mr. Harris started polling for political candidates 18 years ago and began writing his syndicated column in 1963.

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Congress and removed from office" rose from 43 per cent to 52 per cent, while those who thought this should not happen declined in number from 41 to 35 per cent.

The evidence here is merely a fraction of the literally hundreds of questions asked by the Harris Survey month in and month out in an effort to obtain the soundest assessment possible of public opinion on the impeachment issue. These are the ground rules which were scrupulously followed by the Harris Survey:

1. At least one-half of all the questions asked were always "balanced," in that people were asked in the same query "should or should not President Nixon be impeached and removed from office?" or "has the President been frank and honest on the Watergate affair, or do you feel he has withheld important information on it?"

2. Whenever a projective question was asked which was anti-Nixon, it was always followed by a comparable projective question which was pro-Nixon. The value of these questions was that they could get at the parameters of public opinion pro and con on a particular subject, especially one as sensitive as the possible impeachment of a President. About one-third of the questions asked on the impeachment questions were projective, although in reading Professor Payne's piece one would imagine those were all that were contained in Harris Survey questionnaires.

3. Use was also made of open-end questions, in which people were asked to state their views in their own language. One such question was asked in the first poll ever authorized by the U.S. Senate in late 1973, which our firm conducted. A cross-section of the public was asked: "If you could sit down and talk with President Nixon personally, what would you like to say to him or ask him about?" A resounding 71 per cent chorused back in effect: "Tell the truth about Watergate, which you haven't done"—easily the largest category of answers.

4. No analysis of any importance is ever based on the answer to a single question. Rather, the results of a pattern of answers to many questions are reported. The reason: people spill out their attitudes over an hour's interview (the average length of each Harris Survey) and do not give them in a single answer with a ribbon tied around it.

5. All questions released publicly in the Harris Survey are fully available to anyone inquiring about them, including Professor Payne, who unfortunately did not take the trouble to question anyone at our organization before writing his piece. Further, all published Harris Surveys are sent in their original form, including computer printouts, to the Library of Congress and to the Louis Harris Political Data Center at the University of North Carolina, where they may be analyzed by all who seek to use them. Many have over the years.

6. As a responsible polltaker, I, like a responsible reporter, must report the facts *as they are* in any given period, regardless of who is pleased or displeased by what they say. Thus, in 1972, when our surveys reported President Nixon was soaring in public acclaim, our findings were regularly attacked by liberals of many stripes for asking "loaded," "ambiguous," and "unfair" questions about Senator McGovern. And in 1974, two years later, almost an identical chorus was beginning to be heard from conservative sources. The Persians used to kill their messengers of bad tidings. Partisans in the mid-1970s have similar inclinations toward polltakers. This is part of the heat I am prepared to endure in my chosen profession.

On Vietnam, our experience was comparable to this current period. One key question we asked repeatedly was: "From what you know of the present South Vietnamese government, do you think it will be able to stand on its own or not, once American troops have gone, provided we continue to give them aid other than troops?" When we first asked this question in October 1969, and a 45 to 13 per cent plurality expressed confidence in the Thieu government's "standing on its own," anti-Vietnam War people blasted the "bias" in our question. When by May 1972 a 60 to 25 per cent majority expressed doubt that the Thieu government "could stand on its own," a comparable outcry was heard from pro-Thieu sources in this country about our "biased" question. The question was the same at both points in time, but obviously public opinion had shifted.

The specific reference Professor Payne made to the May 1972 series about possible peace terms in Vietnam was in fact drawn up only after careful and full consultation with the highest ranking officials in the U.S. Government, to determine both the relevance and practicality of asking about such sensitive possible terms. Professor Payne

(Continues on page 179)

"How about a bestseller with an anti-business theme? There's an awful lot of money in anticapitalism."

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GERHART NIEMEYER

Upstairs, Downstairs

A WELL KNOWN chamber music virtuoso, commenting on the proper way to perform baroque music, wants to eliminate "bourgeois prejudices." A libertarian book reviewer acclaims the "exciting" Marxist discovery of class rule behind the façade of political unity and boasts that Albert Jay Nock's liberal thought offers the same "tang of realism." These are two tiny examples of how "class" jargon and notions of class culture and struggle have pervaded our consciousness to the point where nobody seems able to imagine any possible alternative. How many thinking people today would allow themselves to be caught displaying a fleeting moment of sympathy for the "ruling classes"? That term has become a synonym for reprehensible motives, repressive power, and self-seeking politics, thus setting up its antonym, the "revolutionary class," which stands for human emancipation, noble causes, the sacred struggle, etc. Class terminology goes back to the end of the eighteenth century, but attaching basic value judgments to specific classes stems from Marx, as does the idea that political community is an illusion and that "in reality" society is a battleground of warring classes.

So "we are all socialists now," as Edward, then Prince of Wales, said back in 1895. It takes the courage of unshakable convictions to look at classes otherwise than in the black-white Marxian pattern. T. S. Eliot was one such man of courage. In his *Notes toward the Definition of Culture* he pointed out that culture is formed and maintained by ruling classes:

> At a higher stage still, we find that some functions are more honored than others, and this division promotes the development of *classes*, in which higher honor and higher privilege are accorded, not merely to the person as functionary but as member of the class. We have to try to keep in mind that in a healthy society this maintenance of a particular level of culture is to the benefit, not merely of the class which maintains it, but of the society as a whole.

Eliot upheld this view against its opposite, "that it is indeed in the nature of things for a progressive society eventually to overcome these divisions, and that it is also within the power of our conscious direction, and therefore a duty incumbent upon us, to bring about a classless society." The idea of a classless society (as well as that of "humanity" as an entity without national units) is a bequest from that type of eighteenth century political thinking which saw *man* only as a kind of geometrical definition, like a point or a line, stripped of all historical realities. In actual experience, of course, men are found only in specific and differentiating circumstances, set off from each other by concrete factors such as job, family, status, language, tradition, nation. The progressivist has for two centuries defined his job as one of ridding *man* of all traces of historical growth and leading him into an association of nothing but universal *mans* (sorry, no other plural can be formed). Not even the specifics of body chemistry are to be allowed any more, if we accept Huxley's hint of things to come in *Brave New World*.

Eliot rejects this assumption. In one respect I believe he falls short of the mark. He explains classes in terms of functions, but the historical record shows that in a culture's creative period the ruling class is honored not merely for what its members do but for what they are. It is "upper" in that its members excel in courage, magnanimity, endurance, farsightedness, as well as beauty and strength. They set an example and are a paradigm of what other men strive for. Werner Jaeger has construed the entire Greek civilization in terms of devotion to the ideal of *paideia*, the discipline of education and excellence which originated in the aristocratic early period and was later extended to include excellence as citizens of the *polis*.

A society is dynamic insofar as it has "higher" and "lower" elements, "upstairs and downstairs." In the current PBS series about an Edwardian family, Mr. Hudson, the butler, confronts the profligate son of his master with the necessity of upper class standards, claiming that if these were to go "we all would be lost." As the Church needs the example of the saints, so society needs the upper classes pointing to a higher concept of culture.

This is also demonstrated by the deep-probing analysis of Dostoyevsky's *The House of the Dead*, a report on his five years in prison, which foreshadows Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*. He tells of situation after situation in which the lower class convicts insist that gentleman (i.e., political) prisoners conduct themselves as gentlemen and cease trying to be "comrades." Back of Eliot, Dostoyevsky, and Jaeger, of course, there abides Plato's *Republic*, the philosophical elaboration of the idea that justice consists in everybody's having and keeping his proper place in the structure of society.

THAT hierarchical structure obtains, according to Aristotle, "when the lower orders and their betters share the idea that the government should be in the hands of the best." Through the exemplary living of the "betters" and its voluntary acceptance by the "lower orders," society structures itself without excessive organization, so that government has no burden other than to direct whatever common action of society is deemed necessary. Unfortunately, though, "exemplary living" in the course of time tends to give way to corruption, lassitude, boredom, and empty pride. The process has been portrayed vividly by the merciless pen of Evelyn Waugh, in *Vile Bodies* and other novels. From such decay there results not a classless harmony of somehow universalized human beings, but rather the atomization of isolated and estranged individuals, and the waning of community. Then the lack of natural, i.e., morally accepted, hierarchical structure has to be compensated for by organizational activities, first of political parties, and then usually of a single "integrating" party with totalitarian aims. The classless society is thus not an ideal but a curse attached to specific historical developments in which class structure degenerates and natural leaders disappear. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

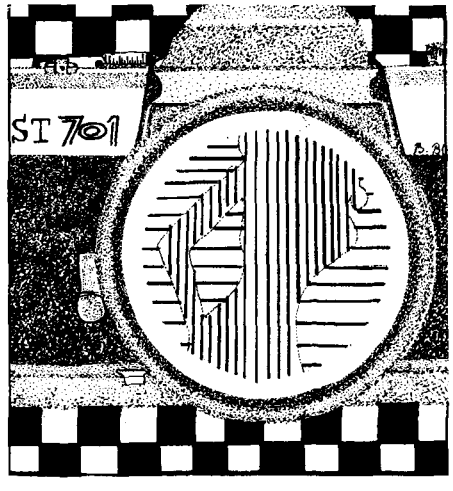
D. KEITH MANO

Talent Scout

So wodja expect, huh? The Gimlet Eye is human too, a reglar guy. I allus wanted romance, glammer, the big buck, also a portable casting couch. Now it's all mine. So long to pencils, so long to cement. I'm in a new line of work. It's right here on my desk, an ID card from Universal Talent Research, Inc. that certifies me, D. Keith Mano, in black and white, as an OFFICIAL TALENT SCOUT. Only thing bothers me: a Get Out of Jail Free card from Community Chest is somewhat more impressive. Or a Weimar mark. Made of durable shirt cardboard. Maybe I better not flash it in the rain.

This great ad really did it for me. There was pictures of naked women all with them funny black squares over the good parts. Beats me how you get a camera to snap black squares on people. Anyhow the ad was full of grabbers. "If you are a red blooded male" (me for sure) "or female and are eager to make money and have fun meeting beautiful women and photographing them . . . even in the Nude . . ." That kept coming up. And I liked the way they put a capital N on it, like it was Peoria or Des Moines, made it seem even Nuder. Sometimes the ad used real dark print that bounced right out at me: **You'd be amazed at how delighted they are to pose for you . . . even in the Nude.** Plus I get $50 every time UTR uses my photos, plus 5 per cent of what my broad makes otherwise. I mean, how can you beat that? And it was **Easy** because, "This well known identification card is the key to introducing yourself to any girl you want." Hell, even my Master Charge don't promise that. So I sent away right off.

For just ten bucks this is what I got: 1) my card, 2) my professional model releases, 3) my Easy-to-Follow instruction manual, 4) my Free Amateur and Professional Model Directory. A steal at the price. Those model releases are something, too: right out of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. My model gives permission to use her pictures any which way even if "distorted in character or form" and if there's a story goes with them they gotta agree no matter whether it's "true, fictional, purportedly true, or defamatory." No question about it, that fine print's a tough nut to crack. I figure you gotta load her up with five, six ounces of good Scotch before she's gonna agree to be distorted and defamed in the same paragraph. It don't say nothing about Scotch in my Easy-to-Follow Manual. But there's overhead in any business, I guess.



That manual's a cinch. I got it down pat. They give you a whole slew of MAGIC WORDS. See, you just mosey up and say, "Have you ever done any modeling work?" That's a good one. Or, "Hello. I'm (give your name, show your card). I'm a registered Talent Scout (keep showing the card, let her read it fully) . . . you're exactly the type I need for a new assignment. Would you like to pose for me? It'll take less than an hour." Surefire stuff. Only you gotta be careful. They say pretty clear, "Misbehavior will not be condoned. UTR, Inc., requires each and every Talent Scout to be ethical, honest, sincere. Violations of these rules and regulations may cause in [sic] the expulsion from UTR, Inc." I like dealing with up-and-up folk. I suppose that's why they got all those black squares, even though that great Ad did say, "We know the Talent Scout card will get you into places you've always wanted to be. Enjoy yourself as much as you wish . . ."

Now the part about ITS EASY TO USE A CAMERA, I read that five or six times. Right off, I knew help was needed: photography isn't, as they say, my fortay. Heck, I took some Polaroids back in 1972 and they haven't come out yet. I figure, another year or so, I might as well throw them away. UTR—gives real important advice. For instance: a camera is "a light-tight box of any size or shape," with "a lens that is fitted over a hole in the front of the box." Down-to-earth basics you just can't get around. Or, "whenever purchasing a supply of film, verify the size of each carton. The store clerk may have made an error." You gotta be sharp. Couple slipups like that can cut right into your fifty-buck profit, never mind the Scotch.

THERE'S A whole section on posing your model. That's the big ball game, no two ways about it. "Have her use all of her available facial muscles to twist herself into a natural looking expression." It's that available twisting you need for naturalness. And props: "She could be rubbing herself with a Turkish towel. She could even be taking a shampoo." Maybe have her "reach up to the chandelier or ceiling to insert a light bulb." Well, I got the props, all except the chandelier, which I can't afford yet: Turkish towels, a shampoo, and a stepladder and a half dozen light bulbs. My living room looks like a Woolworth store. Of course, I haven't had the chance to use them yet, but *semper paratus*, as they say in the service.

One item does kind of get me p.o.'d. That Free Amateur and Professional Model Directory, it just hasn't come in the mail yet. A little note did say "Please Be Patient: our new Model Directory is in the Production stage." But heck, I joined up in October and here it is the middle of January. Us ordinary fellows don't like t'get ripped off.

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I suspect come March the first, this article goes in a plain brown wrapper to Louis J. Lefkowitz, who knows about protecting the little guy. Guess I can't ask Mr. Lefkowitz why every doggone woman I show my card to laughs her behind off a barstool. He's got problems enough and could be my delivery isn't shaped up yet. Could be. You *think I oughta get the damn thing* laminated? □

ROCK

HERBERT W. STUPP

Glitter Rock at the Garden

I was a skeptic. As I made my way up Madison Square Garden's escalators, my suspicions about Elton John's fans were being confirmed and then some. At 24, I was among the older in attendance at the rock star's Thanksgiving concert.

At 8:15 P.M., a young emcee walks to the microphone. In mellifluous tones, he implores the audience to settle down. "Ladies and gentlemen . . . ladies and gentlemen . . ." Already he is hyperbolizing. After predicting, "This will be the greatest night of your life," he introduces the warmup act, the Kiki Dee Band.

The group, which has two albums on sale in the United States, presents an act which revolves around a lively blonde female lead singer, who actually wore a *dress* for the concert. She is trying desperately to pick up where Dusty Springfield left off. Wailing tunes like *I've Got the Music in Me*, her lips stretch to a pink ellipse about four inches long, and since this *is* Madison Square Garden, I can't help but muse that in two nights, Walt Frazier will be putting basketballs where her mouth is now. Kiki Dee runs through about eight numbers, ending with two driving rock songs that leave the crowd ready for Elton John. Instead, the emcee, Mr. Modulation, returns to announce a 15-minute intermission and to unfurl an honest-to-God full-color poster of Elton himself that we are importuned to buy from the concessionaire.

During the intermission, stage hands work frenetically to remove all of Kiki Dee's equipment, replacing it with the drums, amplifiers, piano, guitars, and platforms of the Elton John Band. John has been referred to as the "Fifth Beatle," because of his string of consecutive hits, his British birth, and his "superstar" status within the rock culture. His popularity is evidenced in part by his concert ticket sales. Two Garden shows of some 23,000 seats each sold out within six hours, more than two months in advance. Elton John is 27, is still a bit pudgy despite shedding 46 pounds, has thinning light brown hair, and wears scores of different pairs of glasses, ranging from the ornate to the ponderous. He is an accomplished pianist, and has begun several of his concerts by playing Chopin.

As the Garden's lights dim again, the juvenescent throng cheers in inverse proportion to the wattage expended on the arena. The crowd's attention is diverted to a movie screen suspended in the middle of the Garden, perhaps fifty feet above the stage. A cartoon is projected, "I Want to Be a Teenage Idol," featuring a caricature of Elton John, with a recording of *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* as the soundtrack.

Under the cover of these theatrics, Elton John and the band have taken their places on the darkened stage. The photo buffs realize this, and suddenly the band is illuminated by hundreds of flashing cameras, like battlefields where, on moonless nights, you can observe troop movements by the light of the flares and artillery fire. The crowd cheers wildly as John begins the concert with a piano solo, then leads the band into *Funeral for a Friend*. Simultaneously, eerie blue smoke is emitted from below the stage, and a blue neon sign at stage left flashes ELTON, after which another sign gleams JOHN stage right. He is resplendent at his bejeweled piano, wearing a huge sequined white "Mad Hatter" hat, complete with a matching cape that sweeps to the floor. After two songs, John doffs the cape to reveal a bare chest crisscrossed only by two glistening suspenders, which hold up sequined pants striped in green, white, and red. The sound system, unlike those of many rock concerts, does not blare, but I can still feel the vibrations of the bass in my bones.

By this time, I am sniffing to determine what the sickly sweet smell is; it is marijuana. The fellow next to me takes a powerful drag, then looks at me and says, "You want some grass, man?" I stare blankly and nod no. It is beginning to affect him. More than once, his elbow mistakes my knee for the armrest.

ABOUT AN hour into his concert, John pauses to proclaim: "This is Thanksgiving, and to help us celebrate this holiday, I thought I would invite a very special person: *John Lennon*." As the former Beatle enters in a black suit, guitar strapped on, the kids jump to their feet shouting. The band kicks into Lennon's hit *Whatever Gets You through the Night*, followed by Elton John's current song, *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*, which Lennon wrote while a Beatle. Finally, the twosome end their collaboration with a driving, toe-tapping rendition of the Beatles' ten-year-old hit, *I Saw Her Standing There*. Lennon remarks to the audience that it was the first time he'd had a chance to sing that song, since Paul McCartney used to sing it for the Beatles. Lennon exits to another ovation, but Elton John keeps his audience enthralled.

During *Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me*, thousands of fans light matches and hold them aloft. While I can't explain the rationale for this gesture, the sight was actually Christmaslike. Close

Herbert W. Stupp, *a former YAF national director, has just completed his MA at St. John's University in New York.*

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to 11 o'clock, John played *Your Song*, changing the lyrics to thank the audience for its warm response. Then the entire band went off, waving goodbye, in a sprint from the stage. The kids again struck their matches in apparent hopes of kindling an encore from Elton.

MINUTES passed and, as the matches burned a few fingers, there was nervous buzzing. Is that it? Then, a spotlight focuses on a runway entrance, and the blue neon ELTON JOHN signs glow again. A muscular black man in tights carries John back to center stage. He is wearing a regal orange floor-length cape topped off by a huge sequined turban crown. Predictably, he casts off the cape, revealing sparkling yellow pants and metallic suspenders. John leads the band into four or five more songs, all of them obvious favorites of the audience, none of whom departs before the whole thing ends at about a quarter to midnight.

Leaving MSG, I noticed more people my own age filing down through the stairwells, and even several middle-aged couples. Elton John's appeal cut across a number of musical tastes; he performed rock hits, delicate ballads, middle of the road songs, and even some soul. I am no longer a skeptic. □

POINTYHEADS

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Aha!

By the time my plane touched down at O'Hare International Airport in Chicago, the Colleagues were already dropping out of the air like houseflies on a cold autumn morning, and the buses departing for the Conrad Hilton on South Michigan Avenue were scraping their tailpipes beneath the weight of a small army decorated with clanking academic degrees and carrying briefcases. The keepers of the record of mankind were assembling for the 89th annual jamboree of the American Historical Association.

Appropriately enough, the Hilton Hotel has become the temple of the historical profession. That profession, like the once elegant lobby of what was formerly Chicago's Hotel Stevens, has seen, I fear, better days. Time was when history in America was written by dignified men of civilized habits and tastes, both intellectual and otherwise. Today, as a result of increasing "professionalization" and the expansion of so-called higher education, the average historian is a fellow of no breeding, little breadth of knowledge, and still less imagination who devotes most of his working hours to following his popularity in the student polls, clawing his way into inconsequential administrative positions, composing monographs that read like a report filed for a (long defunct) social service agency, and, increasingly, castigating his state legislators and battling to save his job. For the academic boom of the past decade has turned to bust: a bust, this time round, perpetrated not by cops but by a precipitous decline in student applications to the national campi and, one likes to think, by a diffuse but palpable retribution visited upon the academies by the taxpayers and politicos whose shins the professoriat and the kids kicked during higher education's Sixties binge. Speaking generally, the Colleagues were, last week, a subdued and rather sorry lot.

At the Hilton, the Colleagues are omnipresent and as readily identifiable as so many pigs at a dogshow, though they mingle with such other luminous participants as publishers, editors, Xerox representatives, and people from the UN Secretariat. They favor yellow shoes with built-up soles, violent plaid trousers, mustard tweeds and olive-drab corduroy, wire glasses and mustaches. In the session on "New Teaching Techniques" the Colleagues sit entombed in the leaded glass and cheap woodwork of one of the Hotel Blackstone's "Tudor" salons, and are lectured to on the use of slides in the classroom. A craggy man, with a face like that of an American Indian but wearing a cranberry shirt and slacks, black and white checked jacket, with a white plastic belt *and* white galluses, appears to be taking notes longhand. At the postcard-and-aspirin stand a violent-hued figure throws his arm about a dignified gentleman in a three-piece suit: "Hello, my Dago friend! Doing your part for the Anti-Defamation League? I'm not interested in wop culture myself, but we wops gotta stick together, right?"

I decide to sample the meetings, to take in some of the scholarly papers the Colleagues were reading. I certainly have my choice, from papers on "The Nuremberg Trials: Victors' Vengeance or Just Retribution?" to one on "The 'Walking City': An Empirical Investigation of Work, Residence, and Transportation in Philadelphia, 1850-1880." The subjects of most of the meetings, as well as the sort of Colleague who turns out for them, suggest that in the historical profession specialization is entering its terminal phase. Fragmentation proceeds apace: more and more people have more and more to say to fewer and fewer people. That dreadful concept, "relevance," illustrates as does nothing else the narrowness of the Colleagues' interest and of their intellectual expertise. "It's not my field" is a motto in search of an escutcheon. In the "Strategy for Minority Survival" meeting, which is devoted exclusively to the survival of a Jewish identity in a pluralistic society, there is a healthy scattering of yarmulkes, but the blacks (who presumably thought the paper was to be about *them*) look bored and cranky.

IN THE International Ballroom, a huge gold cube, a session is held devoted exclusively to a discussion of Robert Fogel and Stanley Engerman's *Time on the Cross*, a heretical book which argues that slavery in the American South was a profitable institution and which was one of the scholarly sensations of the past year. Professor Eugene Genovese was to be the chairman, but he has the flu and the show must go on, so it does. The Cliometricians have at the book first: they show their teeth and challenge its data: "Only sixty estates in one—mind you—*sugar growing* parish in Louisiana were examined!" Professor Herbert Gutman of Lehman College complains of the "wrong conceptual apparatus," and insists that *Time on the Cross* rests on an "inadequate model of slave internalization": if slave whippings were so frequent, "how the hell was the Protestant ethic internalized?" (Cheers, clapping, from the floor: the blacks lean forward in their seats, moved by a sense that something Crucial is happening.) Fogel is on hand to defend himself and his absent co-author: he reads a prepared rebuttal, and flops. As he vocalizes, the panel smoke pipes and gaze smugly out over the audience. The Colleague in the seat ahead of me picks lint from between the teeth of his pocket comb.

I wander off to the book exhibit. The bookmen are much in awe of the Col-

(Continues on page 181)

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BOOKS

The 'Hybrid Regime' of Slavery

Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World the Slaves Made
By Eugene Genovese
Pantheon, 823 pp., $17.50

JACK CHATFIELD

Eugene Genovese, a student of slavery for nearly thirty years, whose essays have established him as one of the leading historians of the Old South, is a Marxist devotee of Antonio Gramsci; he has spoken of Stalin's "achievements," denounced the New Left as nihilistic, shocked Rutgers by declaring for the Vietcong, and used to be fond of pointing out that America had not produced a Marxist historian who could hold a candle to E. P. Thompson or Christopher Hill. He defended William Styron's fictional portrait of a tormented, fantasy-ridden Nat Turner when Styron came under attack as an arrogant racist who had stolen a black hero. And at a time when books like Stanley Elkins' *Slavery* and Kenneth Stampp's *The Peculiar Institution* were thought to have delivered crushing blows to the earlier work of Ulrich B. Phillips, Genovese devoted himself to a rehabilitation of the Georgian whose scholarship had dominated Southern historical writing for a generation. Richard Hofstadter had written in 1944 that Phillips' books represented a "latter-day phase of the proslavery argument," a point which Genovese conceded. To some befuddled colleagues, Genovese's earlier writings represented still another and unique phase of the proslavery argument.

Clearly, Genovese was drawn to the South because he admired some of her ways. Revisionist scholarship had identified the planters as a typical, grasping bourgeoisie for whom paternalism provided a thin ideological cover. But Genovese, like Phillips, took the claims of the planters seriously, and chided his Marxist colleagues for their failure "to admit that certain elements of the slaveholders' ideology deserve the attention and respect of those who would build a socialist order." Conservatives, he wrote, "with a sense of the organic and traditional," have been "better attuned to the essential qualities of Southern life." As for Phillips, Genovese said unabashedly: "I . . . plead guilty to the charge that I believe [his] racism to have sharpened some of his genuine insights."

Genovese's essay on Phillips, which first appeared as the introduction to the LSU paperback edition of *American Negro Slavery*, is illuminating and can be read as a prologue to *Roll, Jordan, Roll*. Though sharply critical of Phillips' shortcomings, Genovese sided with him against his critics. "Whereas Phillips sees only the bare outline of the road ahead," he wrote, "Stampp [who, with Elkins, had described the plantation as "a prison camp peopled by jailers and inmates"] would take us in the wrong direction." I was a young graduate student when I read that sentence, and it so startled and confounded me that I ignored it. Only a book like *Roll, Jordan, Roll* could have convinced me that Genovese was right. It has done just that.

Some of what Genovese says in this remarkable book will be familiar to all students of the subject. Yet, on matters great and small, from its discussion of Mammy's headkerchief to its analysis of paternalism or black Christianity, *Roll, Jordan, Roll* takes us to places heretofore only faintly marked, if at all, on the historical charts. Genovese has been profoundly influenced by recent Marxist writings and by the growing body of anthropological literature on West African civilizations and the American Negro. The slaves, he tells us, were a pre-industrial, tribal people whose cultural instincts determined to a significant degree their response to bondage and profoundly influenced the whites as well. Afro-American culture, not simply white oppression, shaped the world of the plantation.

THE BOOK is doubly anchored in Genovese's notion of black "acquiescence" as the necessary precondition for a determined and effective struggle against dehumanization and in his view of paternalism as a system "of mutual

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Wilfred Beckerman raps the anti-growth crowd in *Two Cheers for the Affluent Society* (St. Martin's, $7.95). . . . *NR* contributor Hugh Kenner probes six American modernist writers in *A Homemade World* (Knopf, $7.95). . . . Thomas Gallagher's *Assault in Norway* relates Allied commando efforts to slow down the Nazi A-bomb program (Harcourt, $7.50). . . . Charles L. Mee Jr. anatomizes the fateful *Meeting at Potsdam* (M. Evans, $10.95). . . . Jesuit William Lester stands up to the tough questions in *Morality, Anyone?* (Arlington, $7.95). The same publisher reissues Charles Frederick Harrold's anthology of John Henry Newman's writings, *A Newman Treasury* ($8.95).

■ MARCH BOOKS. George Marek's *Toscanini* is illustrated (Atheneum, $10). For the same house, Theodore H. White recounts *The Nixon Story* ($10). . . . *New Yorker* staffer Burton Bernstein profiles *Thurber* for Dodd, Mead ($12.50). . . . *Silent Victory* is a massive history of the submarine war against Japan by Clay Blair Jr. (Lippincott, $24.95). . . . *Ernie: Hemingway's Sister Sunny Remembers* is by Madelaine Hemingway Miller (Crown, $6.95). . . . Volume II of a major life: *The Years of MacArthur* by D. Clayton James (Houghton, $17.50). For the same house, Curtis Cate limns *George Sand* ($15). . . . For Harper, Sheila and John Kippley explain *The Art of Natural Family Planning* ($8.95), and Lawrence David Kusche, after two years of research, writes *The Bermuda Triangle Mystery—Solved* ($9.95).

Your wait is ended. Now cheer the appearance of *The Complete Book of Cheerleading* (Doubleday, $7.95/$3.95). The same publisher offers the autobiography of *The Duchess of Bedford* for those who love to peek in on the jet set ($9.95). . . . William Ruder and Raymond Nathan may help you through the bureaucratic maze with *The Businessman's Guide to Washington* (Macmillan, $8.95/$2.95). . . . *Memos for Managers* by Auren Uris (T. Y. Crowell, $10) is all about how to write memos, and could well win a place on business leaders' bookshelves next to *The Executive Coloring Book*. . . . Barry Gottehrer was *The Mayor's Man* during the Lindsay shambles (Doubleday, $8.95).

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rights and obligations" which the blacks interpreted in their own way and which "for about a century . . . protected both masters and slaves from the worst tendencies inherent in their respective conditions." Slavery was not, then, a system of unmitigated evil, and the plantation was not a Buchenwald. It was, instead, a "hybrid" regime, a culturally "unique" community mingling joy and sorrow in which white and black struggled to live together as human beings. "Enmeshed in a web of paternalistic relationships," the slaves, says Genovese, forged a "strategy for survival" which made their lives worth living, even as slaves.

GENOVESE explores nearly every aspect of slavery from a fresh and often bold perspective. (The subject of slave revolts he is saving for another volume.) Basing his judgment on voluminous evidence (including the accounts of perceptive foreigners), the author concludes that the material existence of the slaves was less deprived than that of the European poor. Archaeological excavations in Georgia reveal that the slaves' diets included fish, wildfowl, and critters like the raccoon, which became a Negro delicacy. Their working day was no longer than that of factory operatives in Manchester. The childhood of the slaves was relatively free and untroubled, especially when compared to the tortured lives "of other laboring classes." As a rule, the slaves were not physically abused. If they were whipped, so was practically everyone else in Southern society. Acts of extreme cruelty were rare, and murder especially so. "Despite a weak legal structure, the slaves of the United States probably suffered the ultimate crime of violence less frequently than did those in other American slave societies, and white killers probably faced justice more often in the Old South than elsewhere." The accusation of widespread sexual abuse of slaves by planters, Genovese rejects as an "abolitionist fantasy." As several delightful diary entries show, the masters were more often Puritans than libertines.

THE CRUELTY of the Negro drivers, says the author, has been exaggerated, resting on "evidence for which we find a steady counterpoint of reverse testimony." The much discussed gap between house and field slaves was created by the historians, not the slaves. The two groups spent their childhoods together and commonly intermarried. And enough house servants "betrayed" their masters and led mass desertions during the Civil War to refute the notion that they were, as a class, especially devoted to the whites. Genovese effectively defends the much abused Mammy. She was, he says, a resourceful woman who became a shrewd diplomat in a world which called for diplomacy rather than active resistance.

IF THE plantation was impoverished in some ways, it was rich, even bountiful in others. The slaves established stable and enduring families (as the planters knew), and created a powerful and unique folk religion which affirmed their humanity and which, together with their secular festivals (such as marriages and corn shuckings), provided a setting in which they expressed their communality and their elemental joy. The "merriment" and "gaiety" of plantation life (the words are Phillips') are central to Genovese's understanding of the world of slavery. Black Christianity did not know original sin. "African tradition imparted to the religion of the slaves an irrepressible affirmation of life—an ability to see the world as a 'vale of tears' and yet experience a joy in life that has sometimes evoked admiration from whites, sometimes contempt, but almost always astonishment." The slaves' "life-affirming" spirit touched every facet of plantation life. In a brilliant insight, Genovese notes that running away was more common during the lethargic summer than during the more intense labor of the harvest season. This was because the blacks were West Africans for whom a communal task became a festival. Corn shuckings were "gala affairs" which renewed the collective spirit.

It is now clear what Genovese meant in 1966 when, praising Phillips for emphasizing the "manysidedness" of plantation life, he wrote that Stampp "would take us in the wrong direction." The slaves were not "white men with black skins" (the words are Stampp's). They were Africans who created an institutional life which protected them against the destructive forces of their environment. Within the paternalistic system, the slaves created "living space." Their work ethic, their songs and dances, their religion, their festivites—these, Genovese contends, cannot be explained away because they have been used as arguments in defense of slavery and white supremacy. The planters, and some historians,

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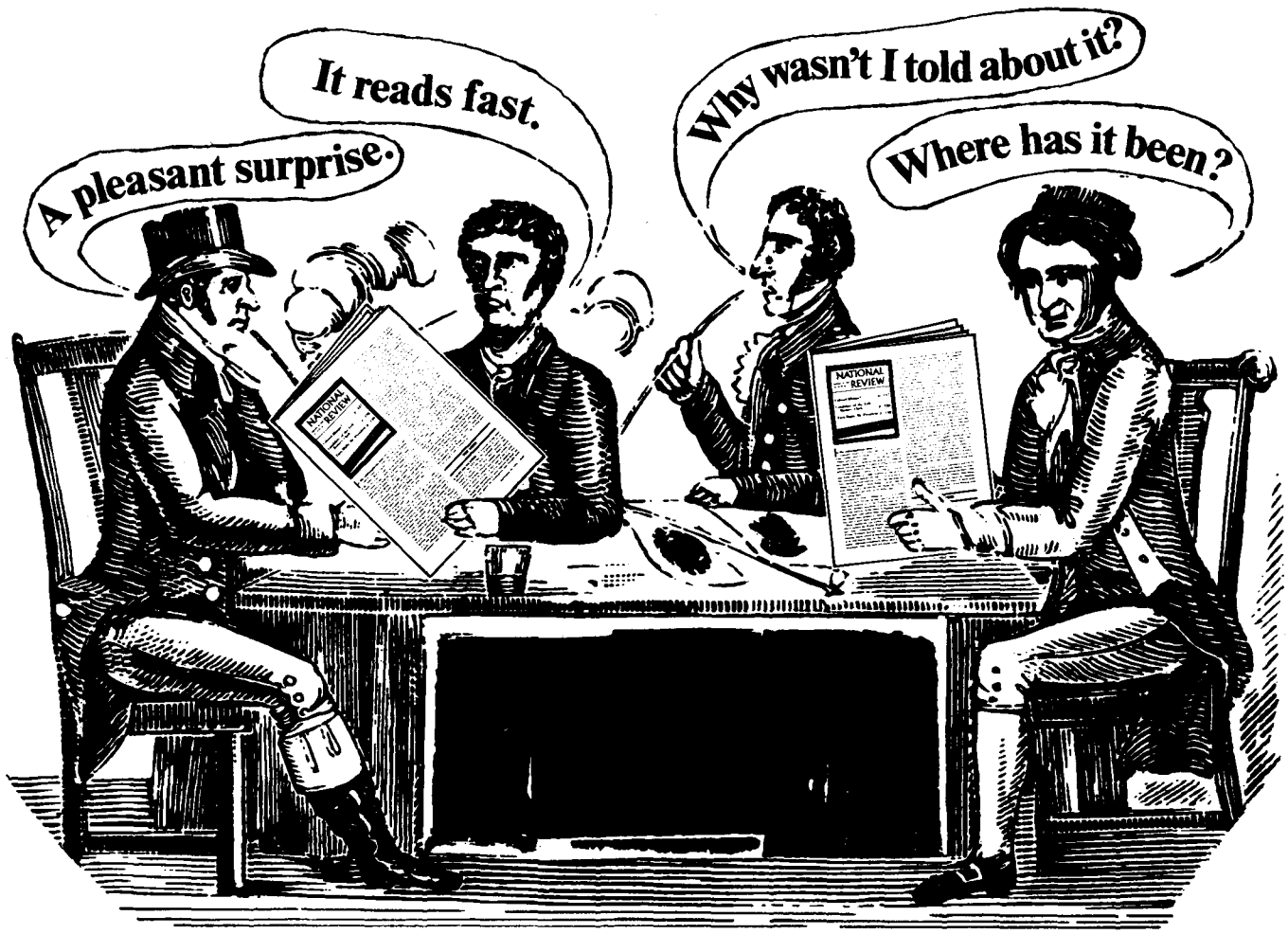

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erred in attributing the Negro's ways to biology and backwardness. But the liberal historians erred as well when, recoiling from the racism of a bygone era, they traced the Negro's distinctive qualities to a system of monolithic, debilitating oppression.

By incorporating this viewpoint into a descriptive work of great breadth and power, Genovese has made a permanent contribution to our understanding of the Old South. Yet, in emphasizing the collective richness of slave life and the ambivalent emotions that connected black and white, I wonder whether he has taken us too far from the bleak prison of the revisionists. Where, in *Roll, Jordan, Roll*, is proper emphasis given to those who were benumbed or broken by the system? What of the self-hatred that has plagued the black community since slavery? At bottom it is Genovese's analysis of paternalism that troubles me. He defines paternalism as a "compromise" forced on the masters by the slaves which softened a system of "savage" oppression. I agree that paternalism and black initiative made slavery endurable in important respects. But I cannot abandon the notion that the "humaneness" of paternalism may have hurt the slaves as much as its cruelties. □

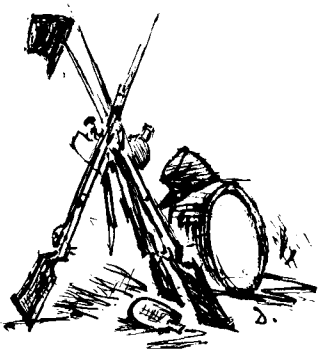
The Civil War: A Narrative
By Shelby Foote
Random House, 2,934 pp., 3 vols., $60

ELSE WE SHOULD LOVE IT TOO WELL

M. E. BRADFORD

Almost transfixed by what they saw, Generals James Longstreet and Robert E. Lee paused at the crest of a ridge overlooking a considerable portion of the field at Fredericksburg. It was December 13, 1862. And beneath their fascinated gaze unfolded in panorama the bruit of that momentous day. Out of a line of woods, driving before them with the bayonet the flower of Hooker's infantry, came a portion of the ragged host commanded by these professionals in grey. The air was filled with the distinctive war cry (half Celtic, half Indian) which had already become the signature of the Confederacy under arms. Then Lee, lifted in spirit to meet the spectacle, turned to his dour lieutenant and said, "It is well that war is so terrible—we should grow too fond of it!"

In the spirit of these words, novelist Shelby Foote has given twenty years to a penetration of the pattern which they suggest, to an inclusive, almost hieratic retelling of what may properly be denominated *the* American story. His most considerable achievement lies in rendering what was epitomized for Lee and Longstreet as they stood, silent, watching —in employing his skills to "make . . . live again" as one high, heroic narrative, America's second (and most serious) "revolution." There is, of course, a majesty inherent in the subject. Some sense of that ineluctable fact, however reluctant its expression, is evident in every honest consideration of our history. But the credit for recovering such majesty to the attention of our skeptical and unheroic age will hereafter belong peculiarly to Mr. Foote.



The War itself, gathered to a point in the epiphany at Fredericksburg, is indeed Foote's subject: the *war*, the *fighting*—and not its economic, intellectual, or political causes. And therefore the persons who made, died in, or survived that conflict. Good novelists have a proper horror of abstractions. Foote's subtitle is thus not casually intended. Nor is it an exaggeration to speak of the total effect produced by this emphasis as epic. Or perhaps the appropriate analogy is to Shakespeare's history plays. For men and the spirit with which they perform, not momentous events, are what distinguish *Beowulf* and *Henry V* from quantitative reports of the clash of hordes and the fall of kingdoms. Epics may, however, have a composite hero, a whole nation, as in Shakespeare's two tetralogies. The America that ended in 1865 is the central character in this *Heldenleben*.

Foote does not neglect his facts and is lavish of detail in drawing a scene. Little people and great captains are marshaled in their proper places. Also failures, fools, and knaves. And the complete accounts of discrete campaigns are intertwined with skill. Yet Foote's strong suit is in matching purpose and design. He has a tale to tell, one that few Americans understand as a complete action. And, like the epic poets of old, he assumes that the character of a society is revealed for once and all in struggle. For he writes of the Americans measured in these days that ". . . It was their good fortune, or else their misery, to belong to a generation in which every individual would be given a chance to discover and expose his worth, down to the final ounce of strength and nerve." Sir Winston Churchill once observed that Anglo-Saxon manhood achieved an apotheosis at Gettysburg not elsewhere equaled, except perhaps on that other ridge at Hastings. He would have understood Shelby Foote's unfashionable decision to put his military history first. For like the accounts of love and faith, it too has power to exalt the spirit of man.

But, if this history is martial and "shown," not intellectual and explained, it is to be expected that it will attempt to embody its significance in a total action, a dialectic of men and circumstances: that it will find in the order and emphasis of the telling the form that is its meaning. This is, as every social scientist will admit, the hard way around. One and one-half million words on these archaic assumptions are enough to demonstrate that Foote was serious about his enterprise, almost as heroic as the subject itself. In telling, he has neglected nothing.

For one thing, he gives us a balanced emphasis on the war in the West, something usually omitted in the orthodox accounts. On these campaigns, and on other lesser actions, he is at his best. And also in implicit portraiture—Jack-

Jack Chatfield *teaches at the Watkinson School in Hartford. . . .* **M. E. Bradford** *is professor of English at the University of Dallas. . . .* **Ruth Berenson** *is* NR*'s art critic. . . .* **Patricia S. Coyne** *is a freelance writer living in Maryland.*

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son, once the enemy is in flight, crying "now let's holler"; Grant, almost in shock after his first encounter in the Wilderness; Lee, drawn by his men from the midst of battle at Spotsylvania. Lincoln and Davis had to be included in these images—both as politicians and as something more. Lincoln is visible throughout. But with Davis Foote begins. And with Davis he ends—impertinent, honored, and alone. Here inevitably what looks like a touch of ideology enters in. For what made the war and for what came after, a glance at political history had to be included in so thorough a report. Foote is less satisfactory in these matters, more likely to be misled by respect for futurist authorities and a desire to keep his subject from contamination by comparison with contemporary sectional disputes. His emphasis and his pieties fortunately protect him even here. And especially in the recently published final volume of the three, covering from "Red River to Appomattox."

Events occurring in the twenty years since the author began his work have perhaps recovered to him the wisdom of his fathers—wisdom concerning what Union based on force would come to be, what Father Abraham's "little engine" of ambition left us all once his second founding was complete. But Foote had it there, in fragments, all the time. I choose two instances for a demonstration. First a quotation from

an 1861 editorial in the *New York Times*: "We must remain master of the occasion and the dominant power on this continent." Then the words of an ordinary Virginia private who, when asked upon capture why he had been drawn to the rebel colors, answered simply, "Because you're down here." Set off against each other, these two statements give us all the political framework we need, to live again in spirit where the issue remains in doubt, the battle is yet to be joined, and a man may yet lift his hand in some worthy deed to live at the top of his bent. With so much at stake, who could stand aside? □

The American Scene—American Painting of the 1930s
By Matthew Baigell
Praeger, 213 pp., $29.50

REAPPRAISING 'THE SCENE'

RUTH BERENSON

It seems possible that culture critics of the future will term the 1970s the "Nostalgic Decade," a time when fashion, interior design, movies, art were dominated by much ballyhooed revivals of a not-so-distant past. In the late Sixties we had the languors and sinuosities of 1915 Art Nouveau; then came the Twenties binge with *The Great Gatsby* and Art Deco; now, as economists argue whether what we're going through is Recession, Crisis, or—shhh—Depression, inevitably the doleful Thirties loom on the revivalist horizon.

In art, the realistic "American Scene" painters—the regionalists, the Federal Art Project muralists, the propagandistic caricaturists of Okies and Wall Street tycoons—who, since the end of World War II, have been rated as hopelessly old-fashioned and too naive to be taken seriously, now seem due for reappraisal. For one thing, in today's astronomical art market, and in comparison with the Abstract Expressionists et al., they're still relatively cheap. Besides, realism—witness Pop and Photo-Realism—has again become artistically respectable. And there is the added dividend that the subject matter of the American Scenists—unemployed workers, downtrodden farmers, slum dwellers, soup kitchens—possesses a certain fascination for a generation that has, at least until now, greeted their parents' accounts of the Depression as a kind of fairy tale.

Professor Baigell's well illustrated and thoughtfully researched book about the American Scene painters thus appears at just the right moment, and I recommend it, despite some reservations about his theories on the movement's genesis and about some of the artists he associates with it. (Stuart Davis was never guilty of the 110 per cent Americanism typical of the group, nor did he ever abandon his allegiance to French-inspired abstraction. Besides, his refusal—after a short, youthful stint at the old *Masses*—to espouse left wing causes would have been enough to blackball him from the cohesive group.) Biographical data on the artists would also have been welcome. Still, this account fills a real need, for the period has been unaccountably neglected by art historians.

The success of the American Scene painters is at least partly due to the fact that they met criteria of influential critics like Thomas Craven who, since the mid-Twenties, had been excoriating European modernism and calling on American artists to return to their roots. Thus the first appearances of Grant Wood and Thomas Benton were hailed as presaging an "American Renaissance" that would reject foreign influence as degenerate and unhealthy and would, instead, offer Americans an easily understood art springing from their own soil, expressive of native traditions and democratic aspirations. The fact that the early stars of the movement—Benton, Wood, and John Steuart Curry—were all Midwesterners who had sampled the fleshpots of Paris and New York only to return to their native habitats, was significant: nowhere was isolationism stronger than in the Midwest, where it was often associated with a nationalism that verged on the xenophobic.

Of course, nationalism was not new to American art: the Hudson River wanderers loudly proclaimed the superiority of the Rockies to the Alps, and Benjamin West likened the Apollo Belvedere to a Mohawk warrior. More recently, the anti-academy rebels of 1908 vociferously condemned foreign art, conservative and radical; and it was from the Ashcan School (as these rebels were dubbed by the press) that, Professor Baigell to the contrary notwithstanding, the American Scene painters came.

Though the artists had little or nothing in common with each other stylistically, two main groupings can nevertheless be discerned: the Regionalists, exemplified by Benton, Curry, Wood, Reginald Marsh, and the Soyer brothers; and the Left-oriented "Social Realists" who, strongly influenced by the revolutionary Mexican artists Rivera and Orozco (both of whom painted murals in the United States during the Thirties), considered art a weapon in the class struggle. The line between the two was often blurred—Benton, for instance, considered himself a Marxist—

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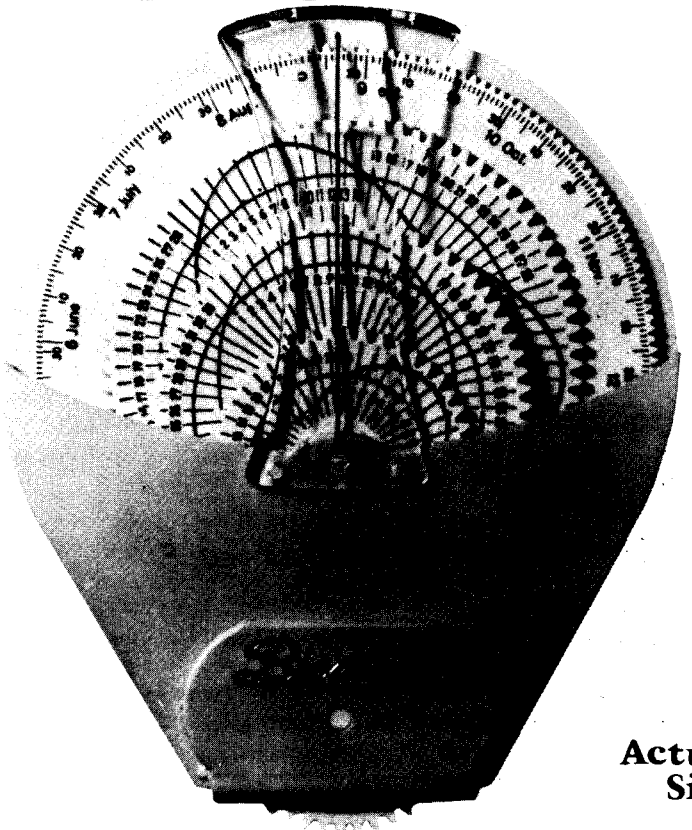

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and artists of all persuasions worked on various projects sponsored by the Federal Government. But by the closing years of the decade, the doctrinaire leftists had pretty much taken over; American painting became so politicized that its swift eclipse, once changing conditions made Communism no longer fashionable, would have been easy to predict. Of the many alleged harbingers of the American Renaissance, few but the exceptionally gifted, such as Ben Shahn, whose art, like Daumier's and Goya's, transcended his politics, have survived.

And yet, as the book shows, our view of America—the America of *l'entre-deux-guerres*—has been profoundly affected by images created by American Scene painters. Benton's *Baptism in Kansas*, despite its stylistic attempt to Americanize El Greco, epitomizes the prim unyielding piety of the Bible Belt; Curry's farm scenes realize the epic quality of the struggle of farmers and pioneers with the intractable land. Even more potent as symbols are Grant Wood's *American Gothic* and *Daughters of the American Revolution*, both greeted as comic pieces in their own day. Nearly half a century later, in a time of national self-doubt, they display an unselfconscious pride and assurance that seems at once naive and oddly touching. □

The Phaeton Ride
By Forrest McDonald
Doubleday, 255 pp., $7.95

OUR WICKED CORNUCOPIA

ALAN REYNOLDS

There is an element of planned obsolescence in most doomsday theories, whereby they are first doomed by embarrassing events, and then recycled by a later generation. Thus, Malthus is again back in fashion. The exhaustion of natural resources is alleged to be as imminent as it was in 1914. Even Berle and Means, who predicted in the Thirties that 200 companies would own the U.S. by 1959, have been salvaged by some adroit statistical maneuvers. Memories are short.

Forrest McDonald, an historian at Wayne University, has come up with a fresh approach to making economics dismal. He sees economic stagnation as the predictable consequence of deliberate governmental policies. The inevitability of it all arises, in McDonald's view, only because we are too bound by ideology to learn from our mistakes. Remember the crises of '73, he writes, "for things will never be that good again."

THE PROBLEM arises from the way we think, from deeply rooted destructive habits of thought. The first paralyzing element in the American psyche is the passion for piecemeal repair, which is "a barrier to perceiving or dealing with fundamentals." This fix-it mentality means that reform "follows the lines of least resistance." The second paralyzing element is hostility to business enterprise. "Even as we applaud and encourage and boast about our material progress, we castigate the agents of the progress, the businessmen who have been its prime movers." The third is our inability, as a society, to believe that wealth is finite. Thus the New Deal advisers charged ahead "believing the great industrial corporations (like the railroads before them) were at once wicked and an indestructible cornucopia."

As a result, the nation embarked on an orgy of self-destruction, beginning with various populists and predators who complained that "the rules of commerce were commercial." The origins of this antibusiness mentality are neatly traced to the lace-cuff Tories, such as Pope, Swift, and Bolingbroke. Next came the engineers, like Bernard Baruch, who sought to impose the order of regulation upon the chaos of competition. The business response was to adopt the Brer Rabbit technique of escaping the fox by begging to be thrown into the briar patch: "politicians gave businessmen what they wanted [regulatory protection against competition], while each pretended that punishment was being inflicted upon the other."

Even before the Twenties, leaders of big corporations adopted a paternalistic stance, instituting fringe benefits, lobbying for safety legislation, and vilifying other businessmen. The motives were to attract and retain workers, to impose fatal costs on smaller rivals, and to improve public relations by catering to the populists and social engineers. With the idea of taking care of people thus established, it was only a short step to "nationalize and politicize paternalism" under FDR.

McDonald has few illusions about the realities of politics:

> American political parties exist solely for the purpose of winning elections and dividing the spoils of victory. Since politicians can scarcely woo the electorate by admitting this and saying they want public office because it's a good job, they lie. . . . In Jackson's time Americans had committed themselves to the belief that any government which actively interfered in the operations of the economy could do so only by granting special privileges, thereby improperly tampering with the rules of the economic game; and politicians could succeed in their craft only by catering to this prejudice. The course that politicians must and did follow was therefore obvious: denounce special privilege publicly and grant it privately in exchange for a bribe.

Some fascinating skeletons are yanked out of Roosevelt's closet to expose "the 'wheeler-dealer'—the politically oriented businessman who makes enormous fortunes and gains great prestige and power by going into partnership with government." But dispensing federal loans and contracts to political supporters is not what worries the author. "The danger comes later, after great fortunes have thus been made, for the politically rich obtain a powerful vested interest in continuing the policy even after it becomes obsolete." And in accepting such favors, "business steadily sacrificed its independence."

WITH enterprise suffocated by regulation, and taxpayers burdened by a cumulative expansion of costly favors for business and labor, only a few more policies were needed to bury the remains of a once productive economy. One was the no-fail economy, and its bureaucracy, which "involves punishing or weakening the healthy portions of the economy by making them responsible for carrying the unhealthy." Another was environmentalism and consumerism, and "the most destructive progeny and protagonist of both movements, Mr. Ralph Nader." And finally the welfare state, where an increasing share of the nation's goods go to those who had no hand in producing them.

So, we will come at last to a crisis of our own design. "In the end, everybody gets a million dollars, but nobody

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can buy anything with it, for no one can afford to make anything to sell, and no one will sell what he has."

In its broad sweep and wealth of supporting examples, the book is simply magnificent. Still, a few minor errors merit attention. McDonald is a bit casual with numbers, failing to adjust defense budgets for inflation, and including some tangible services in a figure for welfare transfers. The transfer of money from producers to welfare recipients and their wards is wrongly credited with increasing total "buying power." Keynes and the monetarists are too heroically dismissed in one paragraph with the claim that costs differ from other prices in being unrelated to demand, that consumers can buy more with credit than they repay with currency and checks, and that businessmen faced with a rising pile of unsold inventories would stupidly "try to overcome their losses by increasing prices." By implicitly assuming that manufacturing plants cannot adapt to fluctuations in demand, McDonald creates an unsupported argument that "both prices and the volume of production in such industries must therefore rise" continually.

To quibble about such details is like finding an arithmetical error in Adam Smith. The major insights far outweigh any minor mistakes. Few authors have conveyed so serious a message with such sparkling style. *The Phaeton Ride* is a joy to read, with more quotable passages than Bartlett's. McDonald should be read critically, but he should definitely be read. □

FICTION

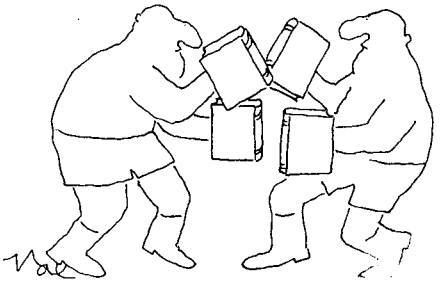
Harlequin
By Morris West
Morrow, 324 pp., $7.95

THE MACHINE

PATRICIA S. COYNE

Although Morris West's publishers tend to label him a suspense novelist, he does not settle submissively into the genre. He does construct edge-of-the-chair situations, but the manner in which he builds them concedes little to thriller conventions. There are no had-I-only-known first paragraphs, nor does a West character ever suffer one of those unexplained shivers of apprehension.

And West has a talent, possessed by only the very best, for creating the illusion that his people propel the plot, rather than being puppets of it. He manages to convince us, for instance, that his hero might very well decide to retreat from danger, and if he did



so, we feel, West would be happy—might even prefer—to spin out a perfectly ordinary story. But the hero does not so choose, and West, with the same apparent air of reluctance as his protagonist, is forced to involve himself in misfortune and murder.

Harlequin, like other West novels, is not standard suspense stuff, although the plot outline reads like it.

George Harlequin—elegant, learned, cool, "with the offhand charm of a Renaissance courtier"—is owner of Harlequin et Cie., a family firm, one of the oldest and soundest of Swiss banks. As the novel begins, Harlequin has been struck by a mysterious virus.

Basil Yanko, the villain, a "tall, gangling skeleton of a man with a mouse-grey complexion, a thin trap mouth, and black agate eyes," a self-made millionaire (computers), takes advantage of Harlequin's illness to mastermind an illegal takeover of Harlequin et Cie.

The narrator—Paul Desmond, assistant and friend to Harlequin—and Harlequin's wife convince the recovering hero, who has seen death and longs only to make peace with his soul, to fight the diabolically dangerous Yanko. Together they hire Bogdanovich, Israeli agent and master of terrorism. Heads cave in, bodies fall, and there is the standard amount of tracking down and slipping in and out. West uses the other conventions, too. Desmond is in love with Harlequin's wife, Harlequin's secretary is in love with Harlequin, and Desmond and the secretary manage a relationship besides. How West can make such a plot read like literate, high-level fiction is a question into which any number of suspense writers might profitably inquire.

Consider: "The machine said 'Yellow alert'; the great powers began to mobilize for war. The machine spewed out an astronomical calculation; a currency was devalued. Even God would forgive you your sins; but the machine would shame you with them until crack of doom—and that, too, it would produce on time. . . . What nobody said, because everyone was sedulous to hide it, was that the machines were fed by human mechanics, as evil, as good, as wise, as stupid as the rest of us—and the machine only multiplied their errors into a mad mathematic, beyond which there was no appeal."

But it isn't just a matter of polishing prose. Others polish as thoroughly. Nor is it simply that West explores an intelligent theme—in this case, civilized man versus the inhumanity of a malevolently mechanized system. Many suspense writers take on that kind of theme and even some of the very bad ones deal, as West does, with the extent to which good must employ evil in order to conquer it.

Perhaps the way West turns his genre into, if not art, then certainly serious fiction, is by the subtlety with which he covers the bones of the plot, and the consequent impression of inexhaustible space in which his characters may maneuver. They never seem to make the expected move; the plot appears to work against normal reader expectation; but every step treads inescapably toward a patterned denouement.

And yet West's novels have a failing which is as puzzling as their success. They are not—although this is a symptom of the failing rather than the failing itself—memorable. I have read many less talented authors whose works live in my memory. But West's do not, and I suspect this book will be no exception.

Line for line, paragraph for paragraph, West is a virtuoso at the art of telling stories, and this novel proves it once again. But either he is unable or he refuses to cast the kind of spell his plots promise. And a story, no matter how urbane and intelligent the telling, must cling to our emotions. □

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 140)

on the competence (or lack of it) on the part of the instructor, and the motivation (or lack of it) on the part of the students.

Potomac, Md. WALTER HEINDL

Turkish Pride

The implications of Nicholas Lupinin's argument ["The Politics of the Poppy," Nov. 22] are clear; if the U.S. pushes the Turks too much their pride will not take it and they will react so as to endanger the security interests of the U.S., i.e., withdraw from NATO's southeastern flank.

Mr. Lupinin ought to have mentioned that Turkey, an ally of the U.S., has consistently refused to cooperate with the U.S. on the most volatile problem in the area: the Arab/Israeli conflict. During the June war, Turkey permitted the Soviets to overfly her airspace to supply the Arabs, while denying the U.S. that permission, to resupply Israel.

In 1967 Turkey left NATO in the de facto sense. The U.S. had better pray that another war does not break out in the area, for she will carry the burden all alone.

Medford, Mass. MARIOS L. EVRIVIADES

Wiriyamu

My attention has been drawn very late to an article in your issue of May 10 entitled "The Portuguese Atrocity That Didn't Happen," by James Kilpatrick. It was, of course, concerned with the report of the massacre at Wiriyamu published in the London *Times* of July 10, 1973. Mr. Kilpatrick has the impudence to say that the story "certainly was fabricated in part, and quite probably was fabricated in whole." This is entirely untrue, and his case is not helped by his next to libelous remarks about me and the Burgos Fathers.

1. He says, "By the summer of 1973 Father Hastings had become well known —at least to the Portuguese government— as a militant anti-Portuguese propagandist." Not a word about my long African experience (some 13 years in eastern and central Africa; and I *have* visited Mozambique), the many books I have written on African affairs. The whole myth of my anti-Portuguese record is based on one article and three letters written to the British Catholic press in 1954, protesting against attempts to identify the Portuguese cause in Goa with a "Catholic cause." I did this only after consultation with Catholic Goans.

2. Kilpatrick declares that "the Burgos priests are identified with an order known to be in complete sympathy with the guerrillas and in complete hostility to the Portuguese administration in Mozambique." If this were so, why, for instance, was Father Sangalo, one of the principal authors of the report, admitted regularly to say Mass at the airforce base at Tete, have lunch in the officers' mess, etc.?

3. It is striking that Kilpatrick attempts to give the impression of carefully unraveling the evidence, while sedulously avoiding any reference to my book *Wiriyamu*, published in January 1974, in which much information and clear answers to many of his pseudoproblems are given. After reading that, it would at least have been difficult for Kilpatrick to go on pretending that the Wiriyamu report came, or was meant to have come, from Valverde and Hernandes, who were in prison at the time, etc. Nor can Kilpatrick claim that he did not know of the book, since he refers to a review of it.

Cambridge ADRIAN HASTINGS

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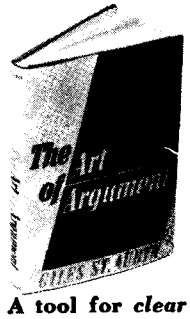

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HARRIS
(Continued from page 165)

left out three additional questions asked and reported in the Harris Survey in its home newspaper, the *Chicago Tribune*. The three additional questions were:

"An agreement to end the war which would guarantee a return of all prisoners of war," favored by 93 to 2 per cent; "an agreement to end the war which would guarantee that all U.S. troops, air and naval forces would be removed from Vietnam," favored by 79 to 11 per cent; and "an agreement to end the war, to be followed by $3 billion of U.S. economic aid to both North and South Vietnam," opposed by 66 to 20 per cent.

Finally, Professor Payne takes exception to our asking, "Suppose the only way to end the war were to have President Thieu of South Vietnam resign from office." Presumably he objects to this phrasing because over 60 per cent consistently favored Thieu's resignation. We asked a similar question, to wit, "Suppose the only way to end the war were to agree to a coalition government which included the Communists." Consistently, substantial pluralities of the public opposed such an agreement, a fact Professor Payne ignored. Still another question dealt with, "Suppose the only way to end the war were to agree not to get our prisoners of war back in a final settlement," which met with 88 per cent opposition to ending the war in that case.

The point to be drawn is obvious: Thieu was expendable to the American people, but having a coalition government was not acceptable, and the prisoner of war issue was so explosive that any peace terms not providing for their return would be unviable. The same preface, "suppose the only way to end the war," produced three very different results depending on the tradeoff.

Public opinion polls are not infallible, and honest criticism is needed today more than ever before. But I submit that that proffered by Professor Payne was wide of the mark. □

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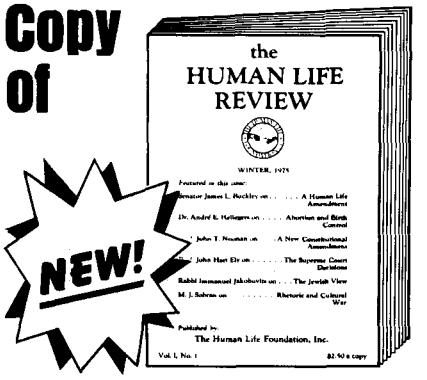

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WILLIAMSON

(Continued from page 169)

leagues: the more elderly dress and look like second-rate professors from the 1950s, while the younger ones look like a TV studio's idea of a swinging young faculty member. They are beleaguered by the free-exam-copy vultures, many of whom, it appears, teach 12 courses a semester on subjects ranging from Byzantine history to black studies to English Constitutional. ("You certainly are a one-man history department!"—"One-*woman* history department, sir!") An editor of my acquaintance is buttonholed by a Colleague in a jumpsuit who invites himself to a publisher's luncheon (the poor editor, expecting that a brilliant ms. is about to be offered him for a small advance, acquiesces, but I later learn that the tome turned out to be *non est*: the Colleague merely wanted to say that he is always delighted, when asked and for a fee, to serve on literary projects in an advisory capacity).

Outside Book Row stands a last pathetic remnant of the idealistic 1960s: the Radical Historians' Table, displaying books on *Peoples of Angola* and the Wobblies and staffed by a fuzzy man and two homely girls, one of whom made me a present of a flier announcing that the Midwestern Session of the Mormon History Association was scheduling a paper on "Mormonism as a Radical Movement." The Radical Historians themselves promise a meeting that will "discuss ways in which radical historians can relate to the communities in which they live and work. The continuing depression in America in general, and the academic world in particular, offer many problems for radical historians, but they offer even greater opportunities"—for, one presumes, free-lance radical Colleagues.

On my last evening in Chicago I dine royally on Beef Wellington at Biggs, a fine restaurant in what used to be the DeKoven mansion, and forget to carry my pipe upstairs from my topcoat pocket. "Oh yes," says the coatcheck girl, "all the gentlemen this week are smoking pipes: what is it?" In the dining rooms the Colleagues are gobbling Beef Wellington and swapping tales of job interviews. Back at the Hilton the convention is in an advanced state of decomposition. At a university smoker, my topcoat is stolen. □

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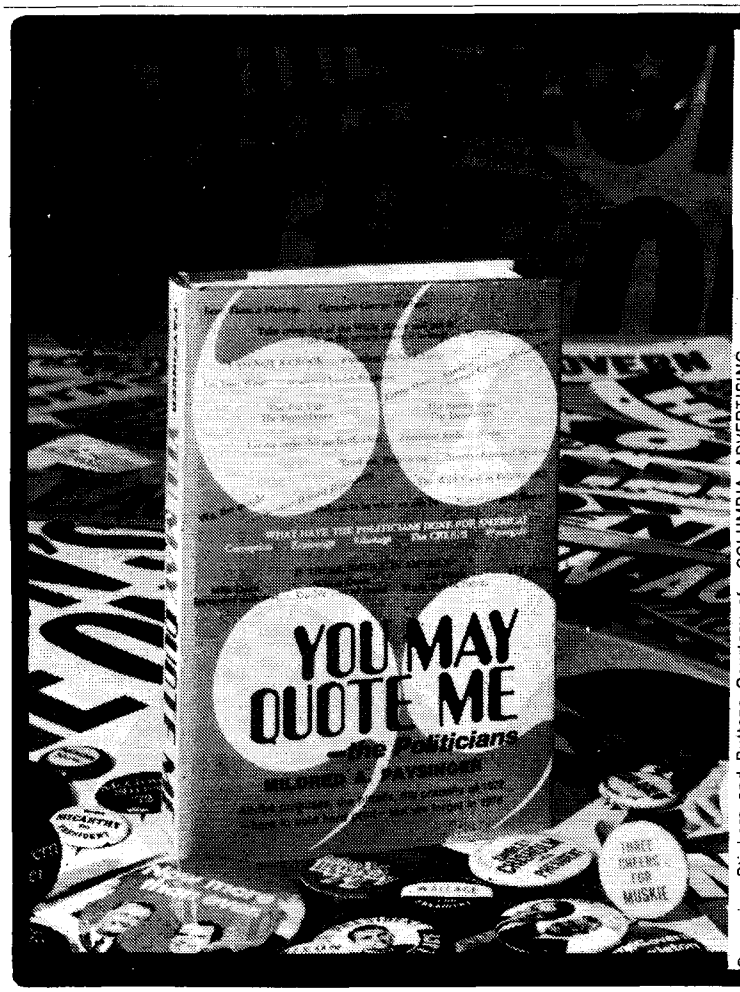

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Setback for Kissinger

New York, Jan. 28—The impact in Europe of recent developments in international affairs is considerable. Mr. Raymond Aron, Europe's Walter Lippmann, whose record in the past few years has been friendly to the United States, signals the twin offensives of North Vietnam and the Soviet Union as the collapse of the higher optimism of Mr. Kissinger's strategy. After all, the entire approach of the Nixon Administration to the Far East supposed that we had found the key to ending the war in Indochina in a way consistent with Western ideas of rectitude. The same momentum that took Mr. Nixon to Peking, there to proclaim his intention of joining in a "long march" with the government of Mao Tse-tung, took him to Moscow a few weeks later. What we were designed to get from it was a cessation of hostilities in Indochina, and an approach to genuine detente.

President Ford's admonition to Congress—he was complaining of the Jackson Amendment, which required of the Soviet Union a liberalization of the laws against emigration—was abject, and hugely unfortunate. It is true that Mr. Kissinger objected all along to the Jackson Amendment, on the grounds that you cannot hope to reform a country's internal policies while engaged in Realpolitik having to do with international affairs. But Mr. Ford neglected to weigh several factors. The first is that by asking the Soviet Union to liberalize emigration, the American Congress was doing nothing more than asking the Soviet Union to observe its own treaty—to wit, the two conventions relating to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of the United Nations, ratified, *sponte sua*, by the Soviet Union during the fall of 1973. Second, the abrupt announcement by the Soviet Union that it would reject the economic treaty probably has very little to do with Soviet pride. If it had, the Soviet Union would have rejected the agreement in the first instance. Why now? One must look for other reasons, and the most likely of these is that the Soviet Union views Most Favored Nation status with the United States as less of an advantage than it had foreseen. For one thing, the Congress had in effect proposed a $300-million limit on the credit line. More important, the Arab states are the principal source of credit these days, not the United States; and to make what appears to be a major concession in return for a few dollars' credit which can be got more easily out of the Arabs makes very little sense to the Soviet powerbrokers, who, simultaneously, feast on the progressive humiliation of the United States at the other end of the world, where Hanoi defiantly breaks the terms of the Treaty of Paris, and the United States Congress talks about giving less and less help to South Vietnam.

Solzhenitsyn understands. It is Soviet strategy, he announced in a lightly noticed statement in Zurich, little by little to strangle the opposition: to isolate them from foreign contacts. Up until now, we had a foot in the door, and American congressmen and newspapermen could actually speak over the telephone with such prominent dissenters as Sakharov. No more, says Solzhenitsyn, who reports that now telephones are jammed, and interceptors are listening. And where there is anything like a public display, or even a sign of genuine interest or friendship toward the West, the dissenter stands a chance of being beaten up on the spot. What is in prospect, he predicts, is a return to the total suppressions of the Ice Age of Josef Stalin.

This would suggest that the Soviet Union sees, as Mr. Aron suggests, a general "enfeeblement" in the United States: a compound of demoralization over Watergate, collapse of our Mideastern strategy, troubles at home in dealing with inflation, the rise of the populist-isolationist class: indeed, a hunger for the second rate. So, looking coolly at the nations of the world, the Soviet Union, with a flick of its fingers, disdains American economic patronage: and manages to get President Ford to scold Congress for imposing upon the Soviet Union such conditions that it could do so. I doubt that Senator Jackson will emerge the worse off politically from this experience. □

FORD AND THE IMPOSSIBLE

New York, Jan. 20—There is a lot of talk, some of it loose, about President Ford and the conservatives, and how he has lost them, once and for all, by his economic program. Concerning which, a few observations:

1. To say that one knows how a bad situation might have been prevented, or even to say that one knows how a bad situation might be set right, is not to say that an American chief executive can, or even should, attempt the logical plan. An example would be the stalemate in South Vietnam back in 1965-66. There were competent generals then saying: you can't win this war in this way. The alternative was the devastation of Hanoi, cutting off the Ho Chi Minh trail in Laos, and blockading Haiphong. As the months went on and we didn't do this, it became progressively harder to do; and, finally, psychologically and even militarily unthinkable. It was so with the Berlin Wall. It might have been struck down as illegal on the day after it was erected in 1961. What wouldn't have worked is for President Kennedy to announce that each day the United States Marines would dislodge one brick, leaving Berlin without a trace of the Wall on the 25th anniversary of its erection. It is so with the economic mess brought on by four Democratic Congresses, one Democratic President, one Republican President, and a generation of liberal economists.

2. But it does pay, however unthinkable it may be to make the appropriate recommendations, to remind ourselves of what would in *fact* work. The atomization of Hanoi would in *fact* have worked to end North Vietnamese obduracy. It isn't something we would have done or should, at that point, have done. But the term "unthinkable" here is best used as a metaphor. We should precisely force ourselves to *think* what exactly it is that would cure a situation, however disposed we are to reject that cure. It would cure the evils we now suffer from if we inflicted upon ourselves a commensurate austerity. I say commen-

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surate, because there is some relation—these are figures entered as much in the ledger books of the saints as in those of the statisticians—between overindulgence and the requisite underindulgence. If, for eight years, a people have voted themselves a couple of hundred billion dollars of services which they didn't pay for, then—using rough figures—they owe themselves a couple of hundred billion dollars of austerity.

3. How is austerity here defined? Let us be entirely direct about it, not at the expense of oversimplification, but in quest of oversimplification. If the budget were slashed by, say, $50 billion per year, four years from now we'd be back in the registrar's good books. But what would be the means of doing this, and the tactical effect?

4. The Federal Government would have to withdraw substantially from its role as subsidizer of social services. This it should do in respect of the 31 states of the Union whose own resources are above the national average. Pull out of education, health, construction: let such subsidizing as needs to be done be done in behalf of the 19 poorer states.

5. Now this will cause widespread unemployment without offsetting compensation. Benefits would need to be raised locally, by the individual states, and the cost of them would be palpable, because local taxes always are. The result would be a great crack in the wage-price structure. People would be willing to go back to work for a dollar and a half an hour, but lo! they would discover very quickly that they were earning a living wage.

That all this should sound like a parable is a measure of how far we have slouched toward the superstition that the universal enjoyment of plenty is primarily a problem in political-economic manipulation. For Gerald Ford to come forward and recommend what actually should be done would be as shocking as if a voice from the heavens were suddenly to startle the world by voicing the Ten Commandments, and promising hellfire for those who failed to heed them, or failed to repent that failure. A generation of mankind would be swept away.

And that, children, is why Gerald Ford cannot be expected to commit orthodoxy. He would be committing suicide. □

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN

New York, Jan. 24—A day or two before Thanksgiving, Charles Pinckney Luckey of the Middlebury, Connecticut Congregational Church was making his ministerial rounds, as usual on his motorcycle, when suddenly, rounding a corner, he lost his balance and fell. He arrived home to his three vacationing sons—two from college, one from nearby Taft School—a little bedraggled. But this didn't matter much—he was always a conspicuously informal dresser, though never affectedly so; in fact there was no trace of affectation in him, which is one reason why he was so greatly, and quietly, popular with the congregation, even as he had been at Yale, and Taft.

What vexed him was that he should have lost his balance. A perfect physical specimen at fifty, tall and rangy and handsome, with the face of a thirty-year-old and the physique of a long-distance runner. So he went to the doctor, suspecting he had something wrong with his ears, knowing like the rest of us only Boy Scout medicine, which tells you that when your balance is off something is wrong in your ear canal. The doctor examined him, couldn't find anything, and everyone hoped whatever it was would go away.

It didn't. Within a week or two he began to lose his vision, at an alarming rate. In three weeks he was blind, and beginning to lose motor control on his left side. A legion of specialists had by that time surveyed his wilting frame, and a name was spoken which squirts icewater even among hardened doctors, because there are only a half dozen recorded cases of it and it is most gruesomely and implacably lethal. They call it Creutzfeld-Jakob disease. Something about a galloping attrition of the nerve endings. Prognosis: one to three months. Cause? Nobody knows, though there was much speculation. Could he have got it eating strange fish in the Yukon on his camping trip last summer with the boys?

THEY TOOK him to Columbia Presbyterian in New York, to "confirm" the diagnosis. One suspects the real reason for the trip was to give the medical students a chance to examine someone suffering from such an exotic disease, rather like the gathering of the astronomers to gaze at a once-in-a-lifetime comet. It was only there that he yielded to depression, as they poked about and asked him questions, to measure, scientifically, the physical and intellectual deteriorations. Before, and after, he was obstinately cheerful and affectionate, dictating to his secretary every day letters of farewell to his friends, letters exalted by a curious dignity that attached to him even as a teenager. He preached his last sermon, propped up by his 17-year-old son at the lectern, on the Sunday before Christmas to a congregation wracked with pain and admiration.

The crisis came shortly after, on overhearing one of his sons reporting to his brother that (the doctor had taken him aside) they must expect a personality change, perhaps of gross character. That shaft was almost more than he could bear, and for two days he was uncommunicative. Then he called his secretary and dictated a paragraph which he sent to a few friends, and which was pronounced by the retired, aged chaplain of Yale University "the most moving credo to the Christian faith written in my lifetime."

"WHAT"—Charlie dictated—"does the Christian do when he stands over the abyss of his own death and the doctors have told him that his disease is ravaging his brain and that his whole personality may be warped, twisted, changed? *Then* does the Christian have any right to self-destruction, especially when the Christian knows that the changed personality may bring out the horrible beast in himself? Well, after 48 hours of self-searching study it comes to me that ultimately and finally the Christian has to always view life as a gift from God, and every precious drop of life was not earned but was a grace, lovingly bestowed upon the individual by his Creator and so it is not his to pick up and smash but it is his to lovingly enfold and protect as best he can in acknowledgment of the great gift which God made to the individual. And so I find the position of suicide untenable, not because I lack the courage to blow out my brains but rather because of my deep, abiding faith in the Creator who put the brains there in the first place. And now the result is that I lie here blind on my bed and trust in the succeeding, loving power of the great Creator who knew and loved me before I was fashioned in my mother's womb. To mutilate the body would be in a way to mutilate God Himself because He fashioned the body. We are the clay and He is the shaper. But I do not think it is wrong to pray for an early release from the diseased, ravaged carcass. Lovingly given," he closed the statement, diffidently, "to my congregation and to my friends if it seems in good taste."

It seems to me in very good taste, and I pass it along, with the good news that at least the final prayer was answered. The coma began two weeks later, and on January 20, he died. There had been no personality change. That, all the powers of Creutzfeld-Jakob couldn't do to Charles Luckey. □

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By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Can abortionist politicians be for this? — 54 28 70 46 86 94 103 113 133 163

B. The kind of boy Jack Armstrong was — 63 4 17 32 89 100 116 143 122 135 197

C. What a bedridden Ku Kluxer wears — 117 185 48 189 7 202 68 1 174

D. A form of population control practiced by primitive people — 137 30 141 66 120 19 171 194 208 58 65

E. Town in Tulsa County, Okla. — 140 106 96 214 39 49

F. One of New Guinea's islands — 152 5 40 62 73 125 146 169 179 29

G. Suitcases and traveling bags — 209 25 112 203 124 211 176

H. The creator of Rip Van Winkle — 3 177 64 196 160 126

I. A paternalistic figure the women's liberationists must find abhorrent — 69 9 57 71 104 80 84 109 118 131

J. A kitchen device — 72 183 198 31 41 151 97 149 147

K. Having the upper jaw extending beyond the lower — 77 50 153 74 88 191 199 136

L. *A town in Dutchess* County, N. Y. — 87 195 181 44 51 33 212 10 21

M. Little folk — 108 207 90 99 114 215 82

N. Something that resembles an extract in possessing a quality in concentrated form — 127 101 8 115 53 11 213

O. Things used to indicate directions — 142 157 165 59 184 105

P. Labored — 166 162 168 155 192 22 91 12 81

Q. A practical (?) joke — 187 83 14 178 138 161 121

R. Easing of strained relations — 42 55 75 60 182 129 107

S. A statement of a job's cost — 47 61 76 34 150 15 186 164

T. *Infants today but* grownups in Biblical times — 93 85 37 24 128 108 18 56

U. *Semecarpus vitiensis* — 159 188 148 130 78 170 205 210

V. What a Siberian monk might be called — 204 175 190 13 27 144 167 45 2 35 52

W. Filled with parasites — 6 38 145 156 67 193 201 172

X. Alleged — 20 110 102 119 139 158 173 16 23 43

Y. Lying in the region of the nape (worse than lying in Washington?) — 26 98 134 111 79 92

Z. Equivocation — 36 123 154 200 206 132 95

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 180 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 C	2 V	3 H	4 B	5 F		6 W	7 C	8 N		9 I	10 L	11 N	12 P	13 V	14 Q	15 S	16 X	17 B
18 T		19 D	20 X		21 L	22 P	23 X	24 T		25 G	26 Y	27 V	28 A	29 F	30 D		31 J	32 B	33 L
34 S	35 V	36 Z		37 T	38 W		39 E	40 F	41 J	42 R	43 X	44 L		45 V	46 A	47 S		48 C	49 E
50 K	51 L	52 V	53 N	54 A	55 R	56 T	57 I		58 D	59 O	60 R	61 S		62 F	63 B	64 H	65 D		66 D
	67 W	68 C	69 I	70 A		71 I	72 J	73 F	74 K	75 R		76 S	77 K	78 U	79 Y	80 I	81 P	82 M	
83 Q	84 I	85 T	86 A	87 L		88 K	89 B	90 M	91 P	92 Y		93 T	94 A	95 Z	96 E	97 J	98 Y	99 M	100B
101N		102X	103A	104I		105O	106E	107R	108M	109I	110X	111Y		112G	113A	114M	115N	116B	117C
118I	119X	120D	121Q		122B	123Z	124G	125F	126H	127N	128T		129R	130U	131I		132Z	133A	134Y
135B	136K	137D	138Q	139X		140E	141D		142O	143B	144V		145W	146F	147J	148U	149J		150S
151J	152F	153K	154Z	155P	156W	157O	158X		159U	160H		161Q	162P	163A	164S	165O		166P	167V
	168P	169F	170U	171D	172W		173X	174C	175V	176G	177H	178Q	179F	180T	181L	182R	183J		184O
185C	186S	187Q		188U	189C	190V		191K	192P	193W	194D	195L	196H	197B	198J		199K	200Z	
201W	212C	203G	204V		205U	206Z		207M	208D	209G	210U		211G	212L	213N	214E	215M		

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Milliken's **Flexagon** Carpet Tiles awarded **IBD** First Prize for Floor Coverings.

Once again, for the second year in a row, a major award of the prestigious Institute of Business Designers has been won by Milliken. The product honored is Flexagon, a new geometric design in Milliken's MILSTAR® Custom Squares, free-lay tiles with pile of 100% Antron® nylon. Flexagon is so versatile that, for the first time ever, an almost infinite multiplicity of patterns is provided by a single design.

Cited by the IBD for their design achievement were Daniel C. Stark, Milliken's Director of Styling and Design, and David Oakey, Designer. The award-winning design is one of a number of remarkable new patterns made possible by the revolutionary Millitron™ Computer Injection Dyeing development from Milliken Research, America's largest textile research and development organization.

If it's in the future of carpets, chances are it will come from

MILLIKEN

Floor Covering Business,
LaGrange, Georgia.

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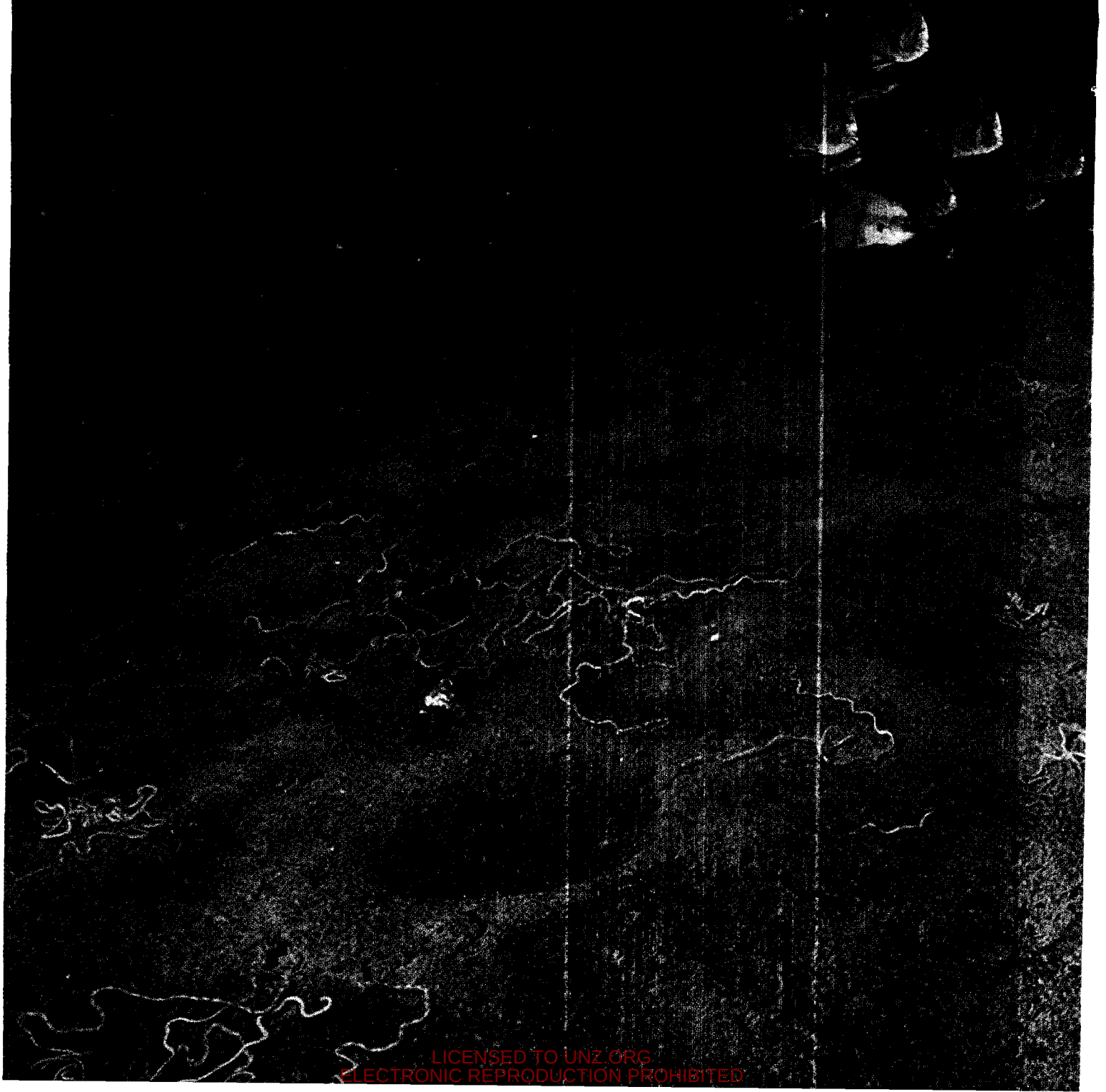
We paid $33,772 an acre to the U.S. Government for property that's under water.



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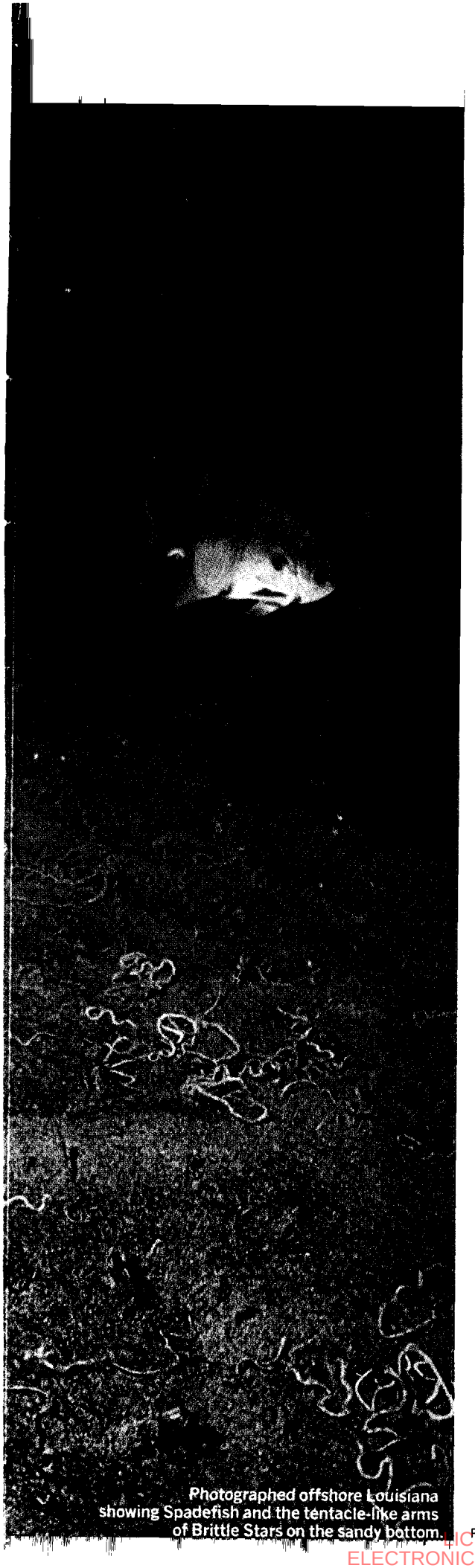

Photographed offshore Louisiana showing Spadefish and the tentacle-like arms of Brittle Stars on the sandy bottom.

Photo by Jerry Greenberg © 1974

Texaco is willing to go almost anywhere to get you the oil you need—even as deep as 1,000 feet under the Gulf of Mexico.

America needs energy. We're working to see that you get it.

But first, we've got to look for it.

And looking for oil requires a lot of looking around, even when you're on dry land.

Imagine how difficult it becomes when you're looking around for it under water—in depths that can go as deep as a thousand feet.

But America does need oil, and experts agree there's plenty of it right here in this country. Buried offshore.

So far, the oil industry has paid the U.S. Government close to 10 billion dollars for offshore leases. Just for the right to look for oil.

Texaco alone, since December 15, 1970, has paid the U.S. Government over 800 million dollars. And has 77 very promising offshore properties—owned fully or partially—to show for it. That's more than 200,000 acres.

With this much underwater acreage, we look forward to finding large new reserves of crude oil, and of natural gas, too, to meet your energy needs.

TEXACO

We're working to keep your trust.

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Something for menthol smokers to think about.

There are menthol cigarettes and there are menthol cigarettes. And if you're a menthol smoker you certainly know by now which one you really enjoy smoking.

So what makes us think we'll ever get a crack at switching you?

Well, we're going to try.

Because if you're like a lot of cigarette smokers these days, you're probably concerned about the 'tar' and nicotine stories you've been hearing.

Frankly, if a cigarette is going to bring you flavor, it's also going to bring you smoke. And where there's smoke, there has to be 'tar.' In fact, in most cigarettes, the more flavor, the more 'tar.' Except for Vantage.

You must know that Vantage cigarettes have a special filter which reduces 'tar' and nicotine without destroying flavor.

What you may not know is that Vantage is also available in menthol.

Not surprisingly, what separates Vantage Menthol from ordinary menthols is that Vantage Menthol gives you all the flavor you want, with a lot less of the 'tar' and the nicotine that you probably don't want.

Now Vantage Menthol is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol you'll find. It's simply the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

Since you're the best judge of what you like about menthol cigarettes, don't just take our word for it.

Try a pack of Vantage Menthol and then you'll know for sure.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

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